

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

THE inevitable has happened, as is its way. Lord Roberts, at the age of seventy-six, declined to face an ordeal that would have dismayed Julius Caesar. From a friendly roof in Montreal the old soldier first sent out word that he found it necessary to cancel his Ottawa trip; then he cancelled his visit to Toronto and Hamilton, and his tour to Winnipeg and Banff. His health was such that he found it necessary to spend the remainder of his Canadian visit with Earl Grey in the quiet shelter of Rideau Hall at Ottawa.

As one writer of despatches expressed it Lord Roberts found himself a victim of the hot weather and the overpowering hospitality of the Canadian people. Showering in on him, as he tarried in Montreal, came telegrams from Toronto and other cities, proposing to this grey old man of nearly four-score, such a series of parades and public performances as only a circus elephant could have undertaken. As yet there is much that is raw and uncouth in our hospitality. We ask a distinguished visitor to come, not that he may see the city, but that the city may see him; not that his pleasure may be served, but that our curiosity may be glutted. Lord Roberts was wanted as a public sight. Civic holiday was to be made notable by three events: (1) by the performance of a high diver, who, as a matter of fact, broke his back in the effort to gratify the popular lust for sight seeing; (2) by a flying machine soaring over the roofs of the city and, (3) by an exhibition to all the people through the streets of the renowned soldier, Earl Roberts. In travelling a quarter of a mile from the railway station to his hotel, he was to have been drawn by a circuitous route of two miles in order that he might be gaped at. He was to have been shown on a platform before the City Hall. He was to have attended civic and other dinners in rapid succession, and when Toronto got through with all this tin-pan business, Hamilton was to seize him, then London was to clutch him, and the mayors of twenty other towns were keeping the wire hot expressing their sense of grievance because favoritism was being shown some places while others could not get hold of the great soldier for half a day. Is it any wonder that this old man of seventy-six chose, instead, to go up with Earl Grey and sit under the trees on the lawn at Rideau Hall?

Why could we not have allowed this old gentleman to see something of Canada without mobbing him until he was forced to find cover under the roof of the British representative at Ottawa? Why was he not permitted to gratify his curiosity instead of ours?

There appears to run in the minds of many people in Toronto, who write letters to the press, the idea that every citizen has an inalienable right to stare at any celebrity who comes to town, and that if the distinguished visitor is carried off to dine at a private house or a club, the people in the street have been wronged. Last week, while the tin-pan preparations that scared Lord Roberts away were under preparation, comment was made on this page on the peculiar notion entertained by some of our citizens, who seem quite forgetful of the fact that some of our distinguished visitors have no desire to exhibit themselves, and flatly refuse to be entertained except in a private way. As I said last week, although the daily papers were full of letters after Mr. Kipling left town, complaining because so few people had been privileged to "see" him, yet it was with the utmost difficulty that he was induced to make those semi-public appearances which he did make while here. He did not feel under any obligation to "show" himself, and was, in fact, much taken aback when he found the Canadian Club dinner bore much more resemblance to a mass meeting than a club function.

In fact, when we have distinguished visitors we pile it on too thick. We mean amazingly well by these people; good-will is abundant and popular interest in them unbounded, but we quite forget that if we continue to kick up such a rumpus when anybody comes to see us, prominent persons will learn to keep away.

M. F. F. RICHARDS, of Sydney, Australia, who travelled across Canada a couple of years ago, has written to me the following letter enclosing some clippings from local newspapers giving interviews with Miss Margaret Anglin, the actress:

Dear Sir—I happened to see an old copy of your journal in the hands of a Canadian friend, in an article of which there was this sentence: "Canadians are proud of Canada."

I was struck with this sentence because I had been reading interviews in the Sydney newspapers with Miss Anglin, an actress now playing here. Miss Anglin was advertised before coming as a Canadian. In her interviews, a sample of which I enclose, she admitted that Canada was her birth place, but with an air which said, "I am not responsible for that," and further more had nothing whatever to say of Canada but all about "dear old New York," and the United States. This is rather odd because the fact of her being a Canadian would be an advantage rather than a disadvantage to her, and actresses are presumed to be rather clever at advertising.

This is not the only instance that has come to my notice as I have been surprised occasionally to learn that people, who pass here as "Americans," perhaps were really Canadians. Canada does not lose much by their change in nationality.

Another point is a discussion in the newspapers over the use of "America" for the United States, and the editor of the "Daily Telegraph" justified its use by the statement that Canadian newspapers themselves used the term. Is that so, and, if so, does that mean that Canadians are willing to sink into obscurity in the shadow of their larger neighbor?

I enclose a second cutting telling how Miss Anglin celebrated the 4th of July, not the 1st. Your commissioner here tells us pretty stories about Canadians and their faith in their country. Which are Australians to accept, his words or Canadians' practice? Yours very truly,

F. E. RICHARDS.

It may seem curious to Mr. Richards that a popular actress, born in Canada, should fail to announce herself

a Canadian while in Australia, where such an announcement would be to her professional advantage, but it is necessary to remember that she is at the head of a New York Company, and is financed from that city. For several years Miss Anglin has lived in New York, the dramatic headquarters of the continent. In fact the Theatrical Trust of that city controls nearly all the leading theatres in Canada, and as far as the stage is concerned, this country is wrapped up in one system with the United States. We have no stage of our own. Young men and women desiring to distinguish themselves in the drama, have to go to New York in order to do so, and if a Canadian writes a play he must take it to that market, where, to tell the truth, he usually finds that nobody will purchase it. The situation is one which need excite no surprise in the mind of an Australian or other person living at a distance. Canada is a young country with but few large cities, and these widely separated. We are alongside an older and vastly more populous nation. It is easier to import theatrical amusements than attempt to create them. No home effort could at present compete with the attractions that go on the road from New York. Miss Anglin, therefore, in her professional capacity finds it profitable, no doubt, to let the Romans

from the Western States as from Western Canada that that call is heard. The movement across the boundary into Canada has begun—the return movement destined to be greater in volume than the first—is already under way. The Republic will pay us back with interest for the men loaned by us twenty and thirty years ago. They are coming in by rail and trail, day and night. Faith in this country grows hourly, for not a day passes but new evidence is recorded in the departments at Ottawa of the value of remote districts of the Dominion that had always been regarded as waste wilderness.

THOMAS W. LAWSON is out again with a shout to the public to plunge in stocks. He says we are on the edge of the biggest bill market on record, and "the public are to be allowed to pick fortunes from every bush, provided they know how to pick them. Within a few days I will begin an advertising campaign unprecedented in extent and startling in quality." His prediction that people will be allowed to pick fortunes off every bush, provided they know how, is most alluring, especially when we know that in his advertisements he will tell people exactly how to do it. Most of the Toronto daily papers compete eagerly for the profit of publishing the big ad-

can exercise itself, the daily newspapers should be more local in their character than in older countries with world-wide interests, both political and financial, yet one has a kind of secret sympathy with the complaint of the English lady, that our public journals are too local and devote too much space to parish politics and the physical misfortunes of individuals. We are inclined to exaggerate the importance of the fact that somebody has painted his barn or sprained his knee.

It does not seem to matter much in which direction the special auditors turn, they find extremely loose bookkeeping in Toronto's municipal affairs. With all their faults the politicians seem to do better. In Dominion and Provincial affairs the auditors are most exacting, and vouchers must be produced for every half dollar spent. No doubt there is much loose spending in some of the departments, but there is, at any rate, exact and careful accounting. The same strict rules should be introduced in municipal business as govern in private and provincial affairs. If we are to see municipal ownership succeed the way must be prepared for it by the introduction of business methods of the most formal and thorough kind.

Now that they are at it the special auditors should make a complete overhauling of every branch of municipal business.

FOR several months rumors have been in circulation in connection with the Toronto News, to the effect that the paper had passed out of the hands of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, and that, under the new proprietorship, it would be an out-and-out Conservative journal. On Tuesday evening there appeared in that paper a statement as follows: "In order to set rumor at rest, and to correct many false statements, it may be worth while to say that Mr. J. W. Flavelle, under an option given to Mr. J. S. Willison, has disposed of his interest in The News Publishing Company. In the new company Mr. Willison becomes president, and is also the chief stockholder. There will be no change in the editorial or business management. The direction of the paper's editorial policy, as hitherto, will be absolutely in the hands of its editor."

It is no part of my business to do any guessing as to the identity of the men who have taken Mr. Flavelle's place as financial backers of Mr. Willison, in his control of the News but it is highly probable that under the new arrangement the foremost of Canadian editors will be more completely in control of the journal he edits than has been the case in the past. Mr. Flavelle put his money into journalism with the most admirable intentions, but he has probably learned, what anybody can find out by experience, that the running of a newspaper is a business requiring a great deal of practice and special knowledge. His little jaunt into the field of journalism has probably cost Mr. Flavelle a nice sum, but no doubt he has learned much that he wanted to know. The story goes that the News, under its new organization, will be a Conservative party paper, but it seems to me highly improbable that Mr. Willison will forfeit the advantage which he holds as an independent writer, for the doubtful gain that would come to him as editor of a party organ.

THE picturesque old-time costumes so gracefully worn by the actors in the recent scenes of pageantry at Quebec brought the imaginative spectator to the verge of a regret. To see these gorgeous figures made one sigh, almost, for those fine far-off days when men dressed in rich stuffs and brave colors and made most gallant figures, even by contrast with their own women folk. To come unawares, behind the scenes, upon one of these plume-decked, satin-swathed cavaliers smoking a long black pipe; or to behold others among them, accompanied by richly-robed ladies of the court of Henry IV. of France, mounted on gorgeously comparisoned steeds, and eating ice cream cones—such anomalies only added to the feeling that we live in a very unromantic age and that the world grows duller, more prosaic every day. In the good old times a gentleman was known by his attire. The rabble everywhere made way for him; his garb, if not his bearing, proclaiming his degree. And, if by any chance they failed to do so, he scattered them by glitter of steel, his own or his retainers'. But now the greatest and the mightiest are jostled by the commonalty. At Quebec our own Lord Strathcona, being in plain attire, was one day told to go 'way back and sit down, when he presented himself for admission at one of the ceremonies attended by the Prince of Wales, and it was some time before he was given his proper place. Lord Roberts himself, on another occasion, during the celebrations at the Ancient Capital, ventured out in his ordinary street clothes, and, being unrecognized, met with a somewhat similar experience. And now we read that a democracy, hoarse-voiced and heavy-handed, has arisen even in Turkey, and that that illustrious potentate, the Sultan, is being robbed of his glory and relieved of his grip on the national treasure-box.

WHEN such a disaster as the great fire at Fernie, B.C., occurs, we are made to see how closely related are all parts of the country, although divided by thousands of miles, as distance goes. The homeless people of Fernie had scarcely gone without a meal before Toronto had placed \$5,000 at their disposal, and stood ready to increase the amount to whatever extent the situation might demand. Not only municipalities throughout Canada, but several private companies, telegraphed large cash contributions for the relief of the suffering, and it is worth while to remember that in the days of our grandfathers such a disaster as this would have been borne entirely by those who were the victims of it. In our time insurance companies spread financial losses over the whole surface of the world, while the instant sympathy of the people causes the granting of relief that is immediate and ample. It is interesting to observe that the city which, on the spur of the moment, made the largest cash grant to the relief of the sufferers in this case, was Spokane, on the other side of the boundary line. It has been shown more than once in recent years that when disaster befalls a community there is no international boundary that im-



## NINETY IN THE SHADE

suppose that she is one of them, as her career is almost exclusively confined to that country.

Our correspondent raises the question as to the use of the term "Americans" for the people of the United States, and wants to know if it is true that Canadian newspapers use that term. They do. At various times during the last twenty years attempts have been made to have the practice discontinued in Canadian and English journals, and for several years on this page smooth reading was made impossible by substituting such terms as "United Statesers," "Usonian" and other terms like "the people next door." But it will not do. The people next door, if deprived of the name American, are left without any which is fit for constant use. They had a century the start of us and the world got into the way of calling them Americans, and we may as well be a sensible people and let them have it. We are more fortunate than they in having a name distinctively our own, and the sooner we cease disputing with them about the one they have appropriated and cannot do without, and begin using our own on all occasions, the sooner will the name Canadian become known the world over.

Canadians are proud of Canada. In the past ten or twelve years the country has been making a progress second to that of no other country whatever. Before that the older provinces were raising young men and educating them for export. They were going into the Western States where many of them were extremely successful in business, or in public life. But of late years it is not Chicago, St. Paul or Detroit, but Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver that draws the young fellow from the Ontario town or farm. At last we are raising young men for the home market. In earlier days, when our boys were crossing the boundary, they were but going where the call for young men was imperative. It is a call that will not be denied. And to-day it is not so much

vertisements of Thomas W. Lawson, whenever he sets out to steer money into Wall Street, although it is plain to everyone that Lawson's methods differ from those of others only in their amazing effrontery. In the great shearing game he pretends to be the friend to the whole lamb family, but it is safe to say that Toronto money more than pays all it costs for the large advertisements in the local dailies.

AN English lady, after spending some months in Canada, has written an article for one of the reviews, in which she says that one of the things that most impress a stranger is the strangely local character of the daily newspapers in Toronto and Montreal. She complains that there is very little in the daily journals of Canada that possesses any interest for a reader who is not familiar with Canadian politics and is unacquainted with the victims of railway wrecks and other disasters. No doubt there is a good deal of truth in this criticism. When a man, after spending a week in New York, returns to Toronto, perhaps the first two things that impress him are the scarcity of people on the streets and the petty and village-like announcements that appear on the bulletin boards in front of the daily newspaper offices. He sees placarded there the announcement that John Smith had his foot hurt by a stone falling on it this morning in the North End, that the street car company is going to be more exacting in regard to the use of transfers, and many other such announcements. On the bulletin boards, the man who has come from New York, or the visitor in the city from any of the chief centres of population in the United States, can read the confession that Toronto is scarcely grown beyond the limits of a small town. It is quite natural that in a country such as ours, where enterprise has so many channels in which it



poses a barrier between the needy and those who can offer relief.

It is difficult for people in the East to understand how a fire could sweep away all the towns in a valley of British Columbia, but those who are familiar with the mountains, and know how the benches, covered with timber, run down to the end of the main streets of those mountain towns, will be at no loss to picture the scene around Fernie, when the woods were ablaze and the town was being destroyed. It must have been a sight terrible and imposing.

**M**R. HARRY E. BRITAIN, of London, England, who made a tour of Canada last year, spending some time in Toronto, has had published for private circulation among his friends and acquaintances, a very handsome book entitled: "Canada—There and Back." It is illustrated with half-tone engravings, and the book itself is a very sane and sensible one, giving the impressions of an observant traveller. The chapter on Toronto is extremely interesting, and we are indebted to Mr. Britain for the following pleasing reference to this journal. He says: "Toronto offers an amazing variety of papers, for a city of upwards of 300,000. The Globe, the World, the News, the Star and the Mail and Empire are among the daily papers, with weekly papers galore, one of the most attractive of the latter being the SATURDAY NIGHT, the front page of which I found so entertaining that I immediately became an annual subscriber." Mr. Britain, in a prefatory note modestly explains that in publishing his book, "if by means of it I may be able to persuade one or two friends, who have yet to learn the delights of Britain beyond the seas, to try a tour in the great Dominion, I shall be more than satisfied." It is quite evident that Canada has won a warm friend in Mr. Britain.

MACK.

## WHEN FAIRBANK WAS IN QUEBEC

**G**O it, Charlie, Go it! You're doin' fine! You got 'em all beat! Charlie was no other than that distinguished statesman from Hoosierland, Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, of the United States. The "go it" referred to the energetic manner in which he waved his hat as he stood up in his carriage in one of the Tercentenary parades at Quebec. The people whom he had "got beat" were the Prince of Wales, Lord Strathcona, a dozen more prominent noblemen and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with twenty or thirty more distinguished men in every walk as "also rans." The person who shouted this hearty encouragement was an evidently American spectator, who was wrought up to tremendous enthusiasm by the amiable contortions of his country's representative at the Quebec celebrations.

This incident is only one of many which go to show the popular estimate of Vice-President Fairbanks' conduct and manner during the great festivities in honor of the founder of Quebec. Mr. Fairbanks not only was amiable, but he was the most industriously amiable man that ever represented a foreign power in Canada. He had evidently made up his mind that his mission in Canada was the holding out of the "glad hand." And he was onto his job every minute and hour of the day. He was glad-handing from morning till night, and his smile never came off.

On the occasion referred to he was standing up in his carriage—though everyone else in the parade was sitting down—and not satisfied with waving his polished tile up and down and in a wide embracing sweep, he was fluttering his handkerchief in his left hand. His smile was sultry in its beaming intensity. That he caught the popular eye is beyond doubt. He also caught the popular voice. They told him in French and in English that he was "the candy kid" and "the whole bloomin' cheese"; that the others in the parade were "beat a block" and "pounded to pulp." They enquired affectionately after his health, and flirtatious girls waved handkerchiefs and blew him kisses. And Charlie went on bowing and smirking, as though run by some intricate system of clockwork.

Mr. Fairbanks had certainly come into his own, and he also managed to come into somebody else's own, too. Just behind his carriage came one containing Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Louis and Lady Jette. The Canadian Premier sat well back in his seat, his hat pulled down a little over his eyes, his expression one of serene courtesy. When the clamor in his honor became more than usually great, he would quietly raise his hand to his hat and bow slightly. Not seeing anyone else appropriating any of the applause, Mr. Fairbanks naturally concluded that it was all for himself, and so every time that cheers were raised as Laurier passed, the statesman from Indiana would throw himself into a perfect spasm of eager acceptance and response.

So striking a contrast as this in the manners of two distinguished politicians could not but afford food for reflection to a thoughtful spectator. One was all exuberant demonstration, the other all dignified reserve. Both got a great deal of applause, but there was a difference here, too. The applause given Laurier was hearty but marked by respectful admiration; that given the American was also quite hearty, but if it could be said to express admiration at all, it certainly was not of a kind that could be any straining of words and meaning be called respectful.

"Manners are not idle," said Tennyson; and it should not be regarded as excessive subtlety for one to regard the difference between the manners of these two men as indicating a general difference in the political manners of the countries they represent. In Canada old traditions handed down by two very conservative races, the French and the English, have done much to preserve a dignified tone in the relations of public men to the mass of the people. In the United States, where such traditions have been counteracted by a greater fusion of various races, and where popular appeal is carried by politicians to a far greater extent, there has grown up a regular etiquette for popular demonstrations, and a distinct politician manner, which is in some instances rather unpleasantly suggestive of the methods of a street hawker or "junk-man."

**T**HE Quebec Battlefields Commission are looking into the results of the celebration, from a financial standpoint. The Commission allotted to the pageants, to defray all expenses, the sum of \$75,000. This, however, was exceeded by more than \$35,000, it is said, and the total net cost of the pageants alone will mount up to close on \$115,000. This is entirely exclusive of the cost of the grand stand, the Don de Dieu or any of the individual features. The receipts from the pageants up to the present amount, it is estimated, to upwards of \$40,000. To the \$115,000, already mentioned, must be added \$15,000 spent on the music for the pageants and for the gala concerts. Then there was some \$26,000 for the huge grand stand. The committee will get some of that back in the

## THE GOLDEN PROMISE

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

**T**HERE'S a whisper abroad, a whisper that gladdens  
The heart that has captured its joyous refrain.  
It thrills through the blood with a rapture that maddens,  
And dances its ecstasy into the brain.  
For over and over the story is told—  
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that lightens  
The burden of life, with its jubilant mirth.  
There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that brightens  
The sad and the sorrowful corners of earth.  
The prairies their wonderful treasure unfold—  
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper distilling  
In mystical music of ripening wheat;  
Rejoicing the soul of the reaper, and filling  
The air with its echoes, exultant and sweet.  
While over and over the story is told—  
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

There's a whisper abroad, a whisper that blesses  
The children of men as it passes along,  
Till all the wide world the glad spirit possesses,  
And joins in the carolling lilt of its song.  
The prairies their wonderful treasure unfold—  
The promise of harvest is written in gold!

Victoria, B.C., July, '08.

sale of it. The pageant authorities hope to secure a considerable amount through the sale of the costumes. They think that they will succeed in realizing about one-third of the actual cost of the costumes and properties sold. It is figured out, roughly, by some that about \$1,000,000 was spent by people during the celebration.

**N**O British critic, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, can be credited with any important contribution to the theory of criticism, writes Brander Matthews in *The Forum*. No British critic has ever advanced the art by fertilizing generalizations such as we cannot help finding in Sainte-Beuve, in Taine, and in Brunetiere. Each of these suggestive critics may hold his original theory a little too firmly and he may work it a little too hard; but the theories themselves had every one of them a core of truth; and the art of criticism profited by all of them. European criticism, taken as a whole, has been advanced by the theories contributed by Sainte-Beuve, Taine and Brunetiere, whereas it would be very much what it is now, if Coleridge and Matthew Arnold had never written a line, influential as these two authors were undoubtedly in elevating the criticism of the English language. To say this, is to say again what these two volumes of seventeenth century critical essays edited by Professor Spingarn make plain: that is, that the genius of English literature is creative rather than critical. The stock that speaks the English language has essential energy in abundance, an energy which transmutes itself into imagination and which expresses itself most amply and most nobly in poetry. Indeed, this essential energy is a little intolerant of restraint and it is a little inclined to resent the curbing imposed by any critical theory.

**P**HILATELISTS will have to wait for some time before the special issues of stamps in commemoration of the Quebec Tercentenary will be of large value to collectors. There has been such a big demand for these stamps that for many years they are not likely to be rare. The sale has reached a total of twenty-nine million, aggregating in value \$589,000. No more, however, will be issued.

**T**HE Toronto Reception Committee will live in history as the only opposing force that ever caused Lord Roberts to beat a retreat.

**M**R. A. F. RUTTER writes from London, Eng.: "Was mighty glad to find SATURDAY NIGHT on sale at the Savoy Hotel here." Touring Canadians will meet with this journal at various points in Europe.

**M**R. H. KENWAY, of New Zealand, arrived in Toronto this week on a tour of the world, and to an interviewer he said that "Canada is a great country but she should advertise herself more." We had the idea that she was doing plenty of that lately.

**M**R. LINCOLN BEACHEY, the aeronaut, sent the editor of this journal a formal invitation to accompany him on his flying machine on Wednesday from Hanlan's Point to the Parliament Buildings and return. Owing to a previous engagement the editor was compelled to decline the invitation, although another opportunity like it will not present itself for some time.

### At Lethe

**I**F Memory should say, "Of all the days  
That I have garnered thou shalt have but one,"  
What solitary round of cloud and sun  
Would be my choice? This lightly brushed its bays  
Above my brows and poured me wine of praise;  
That found my feet unflinching to run  
Toward human need; and ere a third was done  
I climbed to peace by sorrow's holy ways.

Not these. For since your spirit flashed on mine,  
As orbs a perfect star from out the vast,  
On a dark world to shed its rays divine,  
Then vanish from our vision all too fast,  
The other days, if need be, I resign,  
So may that single moment be my past.

—Alice Lena Cole Kleene, in *The Forum*.

## THE FORESTS OF CANADA

**T**HE penalties resulting from a reckless destruction of the forest have already been felt in many parts of Canada in the irregular flow of streams and the erosion of considerable areas of agricultural land. On the other hand Canada has been benefited by the efforts made by the Dominion and Provincial Governments to promote the wise use of our forest wealth. In a pamphlet just issued by the Canadian Forestry Association some examples of a good or bad forest policy are cited.

The great rivers of Russia, the Don, the Volga, and the Dnieper once ran through great forests. The development of commerce and the introduction of railways and machinery caused a demand for fuel, thus giving value to the "worthless forests," as they had been called. In a comparatively few years it was said in that country,

"The machines have devoured the woods." The consequence was that the Volga grew steadily shallower, the Don with its tributaries was choked, and the Dnieper entirely lost some of the great streams which added to its flow. The river Worskla, one of the greatest of these latter, dried up completely from source to mouth, the springs which fed it having absolutely disappeared. The Government and people are now trying by every means available—slow and expensive at the best—to win back the streams and their now sterile beds.

Germany has for centuries been working out a forest administration, which from crude beginnings has evolved into a highly specialized system, in which the annual returns from the forest have steadily increased both in quantity and value, although for the most part such forests are situated on poor, sandy soil or in rough, hilly or mountainous districts. With a population of 240 persons to the square mile, Germany considers it profitable to not only keep her poor lands, at present forested, in that condition, but to increase the area of such forest lands, even by purchase. The net annual income from her 35,000,000 acres of forest land is \$63,000,000.

What will Canada's revenue be a hundred years from now?

The British House of Lords has passed the second reading of the Old-Age Pension Bill, thus insuring its becoming a law. In the course of the debate of the Pension Bill Lord Rosebery and Lord Cromer both attacked the measure on the ground of its socialistic tendencies, both predicting that it would eventually involve the country in a policy of protection. Lord Rosebery described the measure as the most important bill submitted to Parliament in forty years, and cited the pension system in the United States as an example of what such a bill might lead to. He declared that it was the first duty of the country to prepare for the European conflict which probably would be forced upon Great Britain before many years. He thought that the bill, by entailing a protective policy, would tend to widen the breach between Great Britain and foreign nations and thus increase the danger of war.

In its comments on Mr. Sherman, the Republican nominee for the vice-presidency, the Louisville Courier-Journal found nothing more serious to allege than a lack of confidence in the candidate's facial adornment. This is the paragraph: "There is no appeal to the common people in the personality of the side-whiskered politician. He is foredoomed to failure from the beginning. In business, we respect the side-whiskered man for the money he has made. As the head of a financial institution his mutton chops sort with the ruffles or plaits of his shirt and the starch in his collar. In the pulpit he may command attention and win affection. There is nothing to be said against the mutton chop *per se*. There is no hope for it at the present time in politics."

Although he worked unceasingly for the renomination of President Roosevelt, Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, does not hesitate to criticize the methods employed to encompass the nomination of Mr. Taft. "Anxious for the perpetuation of his policies," said Senator Bourne, "President Roosevelt has introduced an element of danger into our political life. As a result of the methods employed to nominate Secretary Taft, the residuary legatee in the White House is more imminent, having this precedent, than perpetuity of dynasty in a monarchy where natural causes operate to extinguish families."

Some time ago, Bishop Potter, of New York, who has been critically ill, visited England, and was greatly gratified at the homage which was everywhere shown him. "This was not easy for a good Democrat to bear," he once remarked, "but I got accustomed to it and was in a fair way of being spoilt, when a little incident occurred which set me down. I was in Southampton and a fellow-countryman recognized me. Rushing up, he seized me excitedly by both hands. 'Hullo, Bish!' he cried. 'Doing Yurrap?' After that his Lordship began to feel homesick."

W. B. Nesbitt, in the Chicago Evening Post, says: England is a park. I do not remember who it was that wrote the poem containing words to the effect that he wanted to be in England when it was April there, but he may as well have made it June. So far as one may judge from the train windows, the meadows have all been closely clipped, the hedges trimmed and rounded, and the sheep carefully stuffed and placed in position on the hillsides, and the roadways dusted off and sprinkled. It is all as though the whole country were someone's front yard.

While the grading of Main street, Manassas, Virginia, was in progress recently the workmen discovered that their picks went to a depth that indicated a subterranean cavity. Upon investigation it was discovered that a trench to the depth of three feet had been dug, and a number of barrels of flour put therein and concealed from the enemy on the evacuation of Manassas by the Confederate troops. A large quantity of barrel staves and a white substance resembling decayed flour were exhumed.

Henry Clay was three times an unsuccessful candidate for President of the United States. Three times Andrew Jackson was a candidate for President and twice he was elected. In 1824 the election went in the National House of Representatives, and John Quincy Adams was chosen. Grover Cleveland's record equaled Jackson's. James G. Blaine was an aspirant for the nomination for President at the hands of the Republicans three times, but won the prize only once.

Justice David J. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, though seventy years old, by his speeches throughout the country did much to thwart the third-term movement for Roosevelt.



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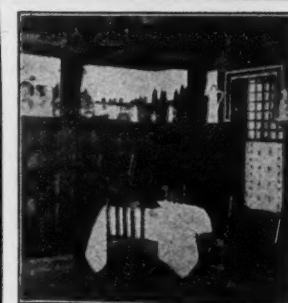
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## Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MONTREAL, AUG. 6.  
ENSATIONS have been the order of the day in Montreal financial circles. First came the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Duncan M. Stewart, late general manager of the Sovereign Bank, and next the sudden death of Victor G. Gray, member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, and for some years prominent in the local financial world. Mr. Gray was a Nova Scotian by birth. He got an insight into finance with the Bank of British North America and then launched in the brokerage business, joining the firm of James H. Dunn & Co. In 1905, when a trifle over thirty, Victor Gray became a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, and then married an accomplished and handsome Ottawa lady. Altogether he launched into life right side up, and none were more surprised to learn that he had died of an overdose of narcotics, self administered, than were his most intimate friends. Investigation into his affairs point out the fact that he owed considerable money, some \$25,000 of \$30,000, among his broker friends with whom he did business, and it further develops that he was on the wrong side of the market to a large amount, that is for a comparatively small trader. The fact is he played bear in a bull market. Just how Victor Gray came to take that overdose of chloral in his room in the Corona Hotel will probably never be known. That his friend, C. Ross Dobbin, who had been with him the previous evening, had a suspicion that all was not right is evinced by the fact that upon having a telephone message from Gray long after midnight, he hurried down to the hotel from his home, to find the man locked in his room in a stupor from which he never recovered. It may be all summed up in a word or two: A tragedy of the "Street."

Just why Duncan M. Stewart has caused himself to disappear at the particular moment when legal proceedings against him were threatened, is one of the many threads in this peculiar tangle of the Sovereign Bank management.

The action in question concerned a contract between the Sovereign Bank, while under the management of Mr. Stewart, and the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Company. This is one of the concerns to which the Sovereign furnished funds in large amount, and the threatened action is to recover some \$50,000. Whether there will be a washing of dirty linen in court in Mr. Stewart's absence is not yet known, but it is very unlikely. Whether the man will come back and face the charges yet remains to be seen.

Harking back over the years one is reminded of the fact that the disappearance of a man named Thomas J. Chisholm from his accustomed haunts, did more than anything else in that day to bring Duncan M. Stewart into prominence and start him on a banking career. Chisholm was a large produce exporter and he banked with the Merchants, of Halifax, now the Royal. Through a series of misrepresentations and out and out fraudulent methods this man Chisholm succeeded in obtaining a large advance, about a quarter million, if I recollect. Chisholm was arrested, and in the preliminary hearing (there never was a trial, for Chisholm did not stay for that) Duncan M. Stewart, then a young bank clerk, made his mark. He impressed all who happened to be about the court with his astuteness, and he proved a most excellent witness for those who employed him, the Merchants Bank of Halifax. The upshot of the whole matter was that Chisholm skipped before they had an opportunity to indict him for fraud, and he has never been heard of from that day to this. As I have stated already this was the real beginning of Mr. Stewart's banking career, for here he attracted attention, and it was not long before the Sovereign Bank was organized with D. M. Stewart at its head. And now another peculiar coincidence. The lawyer in both instances was the same, for Chisholm employed Mr. J. N. Greenshields, K.C., and so did Duncan M. Stewart. Would it not be peculiar if the earth buried up Stewart as it did Chisholm?

The Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company has now the temerity and impudence to come forward and declare that if a new contract is not entered into with them shortly they will, on the first day of the year, cut off their lights and leave the big city of Montreal in darkness. Imagine such a state of affairs if you can. This, however, is exactly what Vice-President Walbank threatens to do unless the City Council sprint to the front and sign any old contract that the Power Company deems fit to submit. Imagine such a state of affairs in a presumed enlightened community in this day and generation. The best thing possible that could happen would be to cut off said lights, and then perhaps the public would awaken to the seriousness of having its public utilities in such hands.

The advent of Lord Roberts in our midst reminds one that England's great Field Marshal is by no means a poor man, chiefly owing to fortunate investments in the Hill stocks, mainly Great Northern. James J. Hill figures as a personal friend of Lord Roberts, and back in the days when Great Northern was selling at far less than it was worth the great soldier was put in on the ground floor. When Lord Roberts decided to journey up to Montreal from Quebec, a few days ago, he took advantage of the presence, at Quebec, of Mr. Hill's fine yacht, Wacouta, and came up in her, landing in the city, by the way, about six hours late, owing to heavy fogs. Mr. Hill brings down his yacht from the Great Lakes each summer and spends much of July and August cruising about the gulf and river. When Mr. Hill strikes Montreal in July, on his way to join the Wacouta, which always awaits him here, the great railway magnate is like a great big schoolboy.

"How is the Great Northern?" you ask him; and he answers back: "I'm not thinking Great Northern or anything else about railways. How are the salmon running? Have you heard? And his eyes shine in anticipation of the sport. James J. Hill is very human, more like Sir William Van Horne than any man I know."

TORONTO, AUGUST 6.

THE money markets at the big centres show no particular change this week. The official rates of in-

terest in Europe are unchanged, while the unofficial or open markets quotations are, if anything, slightly easier than they were.

Call money in New York fell as low as 3-4 of 1 per cent., this being the lowest rate at that centre since 1904. Cheap money may indicate either an abundance of capital, or a dearth of business. At present, it no doubt reflects an abnormally low condition of trade, and with returning confidence and an increasing volume of business money is likely to stiffen up a bit. An advance in the prices of securities is generally a forerunner of better business conditions, and there is some evidence that the marked improvement on the stock exchanges will be followed shortly by an enlarged and more profitable trade. Despite the recent reports of considerable damage to crops, the grain and cotton yield in America, this season, will exceed that of the previous year, and the money value will be greater. In the Dominion the crops will be the largest on record, and an active trade, with considerable industrial activity, is almost a certainty. Fortunately, there has not been any over-production, and a return to normal conditions will be made easier in consequence. Doubtless a little economy is necessary. But, on the whole, the outlook is bright; much more so than a year ago, when credit was over-extended.

Money in Toronto has been easier of late. The large surplus of banks has created a better feeling among the money lenders, and there is not likely to be any great difficulty in handling the crops, large as they are. Our produce is in active demand, and the superior quality of our wheat contributes to its value as a marketable commodity. The easier money market here is reflected in the larger dealings in securities. Brokers who liquidated their loans in the late stringency of the money market have no difficulty now in getting money. A year ago it was a very hard matter to obtain a loan, and many securities were forced on the market. Now, however, the feeling is quite buoyant, and there are signs that the public, who have been out of stock so long, are once more showing a disposition to speculate on margin. There have been some marked advances on the local Board in what are termed the foreign securities. These issues, including Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro and Mexican Light & Power, have risen to the highest prices of the year thus far. Insiders have made a good deal of money in them, and the satisfactory reports of the companies are making them favorites with the public. Sao Paulo is 25 points higher than a year ago, Rio 10 points higher and Mexican Light & Power 26 points higher. The threatened labor troubles, as well as the reduced estimate of the Western crops, have caused a halt in the upward movement of Canadian Pacific common, but there are many people who pin their faith to this issue. It is selling around 173, about where it was a year ago, and is the highest 7 per cent. active stock on the New York list. General Electric made a new high record for 1908 this week, but it is about 10 points lower than a year ago. The company have had an excellent month in July, with orders well up to the best periods in its history. Winnipeg Electric has risen several points, but is still lower than a year ago, when it was quoted at about 166. Some improvement has also taken place in the Mackays, with the common stock three points higher than a year ago. Toronto Railway is 5 points higher than a year ago, while Twin City is only 1 point higher. The bank issues that have shown the greatest gains of late are Dominion and Imperial. The former is 2 and the latter 3 points higher than a year ago. Commerce, on the other hand, is 10 points lower than it was on Aug. 6th last year. Nova Scotia is 3 points lower, while Bank of Toronto and Traders' Bank are about on a parity with a year ago.

During the month of June the balances carried by Canadian banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom, increased \$8,000,000. These funds were chiefly held in New York. Call loans, elsewhere than in Canada, probably in New York and London, increased \$3,000,000. With these additions, there were available at the end of June a total of \$81,437,763, besides securities with London correspondents which may be drawn against at will. Of the total \$29,181,443 consisted of bank balances, \$52,256,320 of call loans. It is possible that the month of July saw a further increase, but the facts will not be known for about three weeks, when the July bank statement will appear. Following is a list of banks having deposits with outside banks of \$1,000,000 or more:—Montreal, \$11,548,000; Nova Scotia, \$2,508,000; Dominion, \$2,363,000; Commerce, \$1,897,000; Imperial, \$1,777,000; Bank of B. N. A., \$1,710,000; Eastern Townships, \$1,514,000.

At the Westminster Police Court recently, (notes The Bulletin, Toronto) Samuel Brotherhood, of Nottingham, was charged with neglecting or refusing to pay the expenses of an inspection into the affairs of two societies registered under the Friendly Societies Act, and of which he was the secretary. The Chief Registrar had since made an order on the defendant to pay all the costs of the inspection and this he had omitted to do. The defendant took several objections to the summons, but the magistrate over-ruled them, and imposed a penalty of £5, to include costs. The defendant stated that he had no money or goods for distress, and asked what the alternative was. The magistrate said that it was twenty-one days' imprisonment. The defendant: "That will settle it?" The magistrate: "I don't know. You are liable to be prosecuted again."

It is said that there is a grain combine to keep up rates on carrying grain down the lakes, the effect of which is to work against the Canadian ports. A gentleman in a position to know says that the lake shippers combine to make the price to Montreal 7 cents, and that last year 16,000,000 bushels of grain went via United States ports owing to the actions of the Dominion Marine Association. The matter has been laid before the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, and he has signified his willingness to have a thorough inves-

BANK OF  
HAMILTON

## Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Two and One-half per cent. for the quarter ending 31st August (Ten per cent. per annum) on the capital stock of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on 1st September, 1908.

The transfer books will be closed from 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL,

General Manager.

Hamilton, 20th July, 1908.

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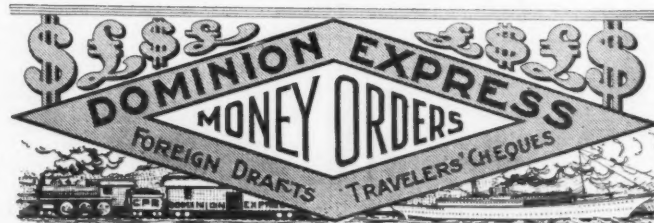
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Wife—What luck? Husband—None whatever. Wife—Were there no servants at the intelligence office? Husband—Yes, lots of them, but they had all worked for us before.—Saturday Sunset.

"Stop the auto." "But, sir—" "I think I saw some red ferns." "Better lemme keep on, boss," advised the chauffeur, earnestly. "Them red ferns is the local constable's whiskers."—Washington Herald.



**IMPERIAL BANK**  
OF CANADA  
Capital Authorized - \$10,000,000.00  
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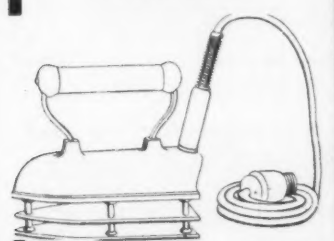
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**"1847 ROGERS BROS."**  
Style that pleases the eye—lasting service that proves true value.  
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped  
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These flat irons are built for service; they satisfy discriminating users in household, laundry and shop, because they are

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Simple, Renewable,  
Durable, Convenient.

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**Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited**  
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**SEASIDE EXCURSIONS FROM TORONTO**

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Proportionate rates from all stations in Ontario to above and other points in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Maine, and Prince Edward Island.  
Good going Aug. 10, 11, 12 and 13, returning from destination on or before Aug. 31, 1908.

**Excellent Service to Muskoka and Lake of Bays**

Try the 10 a.m. train (Daily except Sunday)  
Direct connection at Muskoka Wharf, no waiting.  
Other trains 12:01 noon (daily except Sunday) and 2 a.m. daily, ( sleeper open at 9:30 p.m.)  
For full information call at city office Northwest Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

**Atlantic Coast**  
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**EXCURSIONS**  
Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13 only  
Return limit Aug. 31  
ST. JOHN, N.B. \$23.50  
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Proportionately low rates to all Atlantic Coast Resorts, Lower St. Lawrence, Maine, Newfoundland, P. E. I.  
Full information at C. P. R. Ticket Office, corner King & Yonge Sts.  
Phone M. 6580.

tigation. An exhaustive enquiry was made by those interested, and the following is a short synopsis: "All freight between Canadian ports has by law to be carried in Canadian bottoms, so that all wheat shipped from Montreal or Quebec has to be carried by members of the association. The result has been that when the Dominion Marine Association's minimum rate was above a parity with what could be done via Buffalo through Boston, New York and Philadelphia, the grain went to Buffalo, whereas a much larger percentage could have gone to Montreal. Where it works hardship against Montreal is during the dull period, from, say, the latter part of May and first of June until the first of October. For instance, last season and the season before, we offered several Canadian owners 1 1-4 cents or 1 1-2 cents to Georgian Bay ports, as the case might be, but owing to this agreement they were unable to take the grain to those ports, and actually came back at us and told us that according to their agreement they could not break the rate to Georgian Bay, but if we could give them grain to Buffalo for 1 1-4 cents less than the rate to the Bay they would be glad to take it, although they always prefer grain to the Bay as against Buffalo.

The final statement of revenues and expenditures for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1908, shows total revenue of \$96,054,505 and total expenditure on consolidated fund account \$76,641,451, the surplus of revenue over ordinary expenditure being therefore \$19,413,054, or nearly half a million more than was estimated by Hon. W. S. Fielding in his budget speech. The capital expenditure for the year was \$35,253,979, the greater part being for the National Transcontinental Railway. The total expenditure on both consolidated fund and capital accounts was \$111,895,431 or \$15,840,925 more than the total revenue. The Dominion paid out of revenue last year all ordinary expenses of government, all expenditures on capital account other than the National Transcontinental, and in addition about \$4,000,000 towards the latter work. The net debt of the Dominion at the close of the fiscal year was \$277,960,259.

In the year 1900 almost \$28,000,000 worth of gold were produced in Canada, but since then there has been a gradual decline, although for several years it was in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000 a year. Last year our production of gold had a value of \$8,264,765, of which less than one-half was produced by the miners in the Yukon, where eight years ago gold to the value of twenty-two million dollars was secured. When the Yukon was pouring out its golden flood, placer and hydraulic mining led in production, but last year that class of mining yielded only 47 per cent. of the total output, while 53 per cent. came from quartz ores. If our production of the yellow metal has declined, our production of the gold that grows has more than made amends. The wheat fields of the West, in the production of wealth, are leaving the gold mines far behind; and the wheat tends more to make homes and create permanent conditions of national life than do the richest deposits ever found on the Klondike.

The New York Stock Market is in the hands of the sharpest men in the street, including speculators and banking interests. These interests have as their aids cheap money and good crop prospects up to this date. All this makes a powerful combination in favor of an advancing market. These conditions may continue some time longer and produce continued activity and even higher prices. It would be unwise, however, to forget that the advance in prices has already been great and that there are some unfavorable influences, which, for the moment, are kept in the background. The railroads are not likely to find it a perfectly easy matter to advance rates as they propose. The opposition that will spring up in many places will inevitably produce much of a vexatious character.

Steamship lines with terminals in Boston are to make another appeal to the trunk lines association for lower rates on export grain, so that Boston may be more on a parity with Montreal and other Canadian ports. Commercial exchanges in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have appealed to the association in an effort to secure a share of the business. One result of the refusal of the railroads to place American ports on a competing basis was the withdrawal by the Leyland line, Warren line and others of several steamers in the Boston-England service.

**A Plea for the Soil in Literature**  
SARAH D. UPHAM, writing in Lippincott's Magazine for August, says:

Where is rural life in modern fiction? With few exceptions, the yarns of to-day exclude the simple, homely rural life which is the very bone and sinew of our American civilization. The search-lights of fiction writers are being thrown upon every phase of urban life, from the Four Hundred with their thousand foibles and mirthless sophistication, to the meanest beggar and thief adrift in the streets. Every activity of city life—finance, politics, trusts, the evils of gambling and divorce—have crowded one another in swift confusion. We have been forced to gaze into the innermost chambers of cosmopolitanism, from the "Confessions" of the lowest criminal of the purlieus to those of Mrs. Wharton's drawing-room, who never forget that they are "to the manner born," even when wallowing hopelessly in society's quagmires. We have been ruthlessly dragged through the Jungle, the sweatshop, the tenement, the opium-den. The stony hearts of corporation leaders, the perfidy of insurance magnates, the graft of machine bosses, have been laid bare to our already overwrought nerves and tired brains.

Only a few years ago the trend of fiction was quite in the other direction. Country life played an important part in the stories of the best writers—the Western tales of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, the simple, homely ruralism of the New England writers, the charming pictures of the old South, "befo' the wa'."

We are literally athirst to-day for the story of the little farm, the call of the birds, the gush of the spring as it bubbles up clear and untainted. We long to come closer to the men and women who draw their livelihood and inspiration from the soil. Simple, ignorant souls, you say, who never rise above the mediocre, whose hearts are not torn by conflicting ambitions—but who have time to live and learn the lesson of life as nature teaches it. They know at least what is meant by honest love, common honor, and the dignity of laboring with one's hands.

Throbbing with action, instinct with struggle, dealing with the great problems of modern life, the chief novels of the year have thrilled and stirred us. The wearisome



Brown: "Ah! they've just dropped the anchor."  
Mrs. B.: "And serve 'em right! It's been dangling outside all the morning!"—Punch.

tramp of the multitudes, the ceaseless rush for existence, the fetid atmosphere of the arena on which the toilers struggle, make us cry out for peace and for the earth as God made it.

The tired reader turns with relief from this artificiality to the refreshing pages of "My People of the Plains," "The Lake," and the Rebecca stories. Here are men, not types—not the abnormal products of a forced environment, nor weaklings dominated by the women with whom they are associated.

We all need frequently to return to the soil, to draw close to the valleys and hills and blue skies. There are so many of us living in crowded cities the year around who can afford to take frequent excursions in field and forest only at second hand. With this distinctly American environment there may arise a hero who is not simply a weakling, or a foil, but a man. Let us have in fiction another Michael, a character which towers above ordinary men as Wordsworth's shepherd, great of frame, keen of mind, "intense, frugal, apt for all affairs and watchful more than ordinary men." Let us be refreshed and invigorated as well as stirred and aroused to action.

**Bryan the Puritan**  
T. P. O'CONNOR, in the course of an article in London M.A.P., has this to say about William Jennings Bryan:

Mr. Bryan always seems to me a case—I will not say of arrested development—but of curious survival. He is undoubtedly Irish by descent; though, after the manner of most Americans of the second or third generation, there is an admixture of other blood in him as well; a little German, a little English, a little Scotch, I believe. Mr. Roosevelt, in addition to all these strains, has also some Dutch blood. One of the stories which Mr. Bryan tells at his own expense, is that once he came to a meeting in a part of the country where he was not known—this was before the days of his greatness—and a good old Irishman was in the chair whose duty it was to make him known by a little preliminary speech, telling of his birth, descent, and achievements. The old Irishman, unlike most of his race, was inarticulate, and when the time came for him to deliver his opening and introductory address he forgot all he had intended or had been told to say, and he simply introduced the speaker of the evening with the words: "Mr. O'Brien, of Lincoln, Nebraska," "thus," as Mr. Bryan himself put it, "throwing me on the mercy of the meeting, naked and unashamed." If it had not been the habit in early days in some parts of America for the Irishmen to drop the O, Mr. Bryan to-day would be doubtless Mr. O'Brien.

But though Irish by descent, there could not be a more typical American—that is to say, of the Western village—than Mr. Bryan, and a typical American stands a unique figure, utterly unlike anybody or anything else in any other country or in any other race. He is a Puritan, as are some hundreds of thousands of our own population, especially in the villages and the small towns; but yet he is so utterly unlike our type that the differences are more numerous than the likenesses. Like our Puritan, the American type is usually a teetotaler; usually he marries young; usually his domestic life has all the sweet harmonies of the ideal united household. The best little speech I ever heard Mr. Bryan deliver was one in which he alluded to the help and consolation his wife had been to him in the many vicissitudes of his life. But then the American Puritan is an American and not an Englishman; which means that he has been brought up in environment quite different from that of our people.

Republicanism has failed in many things in America; it hasn't solved—sometimes, I think, it has aggravated—some of the social problems that perplex the Old World. But in one thing it has succeeded, and that is in spreading everywhere that spirit of independence, equality, absence of pretence, brotherliness, which are the highest doctrines of the true republic.

**George Ade and the Press Agent**

WHILE George Ade was conducting a dramatic column on a Chicago newspaper the press agent of a coming theatrical attraction walked brightly into Ade's office one morning and offered the author a long article which was primarily an advertisement for the coming show.

"Ade, I want you to use this story for me," said the theatrical man. "It's a good, interesting article, and you'll do me a great favor by printing it."

"I'm sorry, but it's not the sort of stuff the paper wants," replied Ade. "It's too much of an advertisement. Why, if you took that down to our business office, they'd charge you regular advertising rates."

The press agent mournfully departed, but the next morning Ade looked through the paper and was astonished to find the agent's story occupying a full column on the editorial page. Later in the day the managing editor came into Ade's office and spread out the editorial page.

"That's the sort of theatrical stuff we want," he said, pointing to the agent's article. "And what do you think, Ade? I only paid twenty dollars for that story!"

**The Prince's English Critics**

SAYS Modern Society, London: It is very frequently said that the Prince of Wales is somewhat wanting in strong characteristics, but these objectors forget that the Prince has a part to play in which strong characteristics are best kept in the background. The monarchs of the House of Hanover have, up to this reign, shown a very decided jealousy of their heirs. The late Queen, while putting a great deal of the burden of sovereignty on her eldest son, did not allow him any of the outer semblance. The King has an affection for his son that none of his line have ever exhibited before for their heirs, but it is not probable that he desires any assistance in his work of ruling, still less in his role of *l'once de l'Europe*. If the Prince of Wales' self-effacement is natural, it arises from the fact that no demand for decided action has ever been made on him. If it is assumed, it is the wisest and best position he can take up.

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For chaps, freckles, sunburn, wrinkles and blemishes, this fragrant, foamy cream is supreme. Remember it is **Greaseless**! Per pot 40c. Leading chemists, or direct.  
Send 8c. for dainty samples of Cream and Soap.  
The Iollma Co., Mfrs., London, England, and 594 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

**Lea's**

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The Piece de Resistance.

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

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ONE of the oldest Paris firms for gold and silk embroideries, a house which had already served Louis XIV. and his court with highly artistic gold and silk embroideries, a house which had already served Louis XVI. and his court with highly artistic needlework, is still in possession of its accounts of former centuries. An inspection of these books reveals a good summary of the luxury expenditures of the French court—the Bonapartist as well as the Legitimist. Napoleon I., who for his own wants was, in contrast to the spendthrift Josephine, very economical, went, though, to large expenses when it was for representative gala dresses. The 10,000 francs which he had to pay for the embroidery on his coronation robe he did not consider too high a price. But his embroidered frock coat that had cost him 3,500 francs, and which became too tight for him not long after its first year, he ordered to be widened by pieces of cloth, and the new seams to be covered with embroideries. The bill for his throne, however, footed up to a pretty considerable amount. The outer drapery of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace was at 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with inwoven golden bees at five francs apiece, and

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including Muskoka, Lake of Bays, Temagami, Georgian Bay, Magnetawan River, Kawartha Lakes, etc., are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System. Tourist tickets now on sale at very low rates. Good all season. For information and descriptive literature, call at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Niece—Uncle, they say that there are more marriages of blondes than of brunettes. Why is it, I wonder? Uncle Singleton (a confirmed bachelor)—H'm! Naturally, the light-headed ones go first.—The Mirror.



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They are all worth more than \$2.00, but we must close out the odd lines this month, hence the price. There are all sizes among them, but not all sizes in each kind. Come early; they won't stay long on the bargain table at these prices.  
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For Perspiring Hands.—Thoroughly wash and dry; then apply over the palms and between the fingers.  
For Tender Feet.—Sponge over with hot water at bedtime; then apply over soles and between the toes.  
All druggists keep this at 25c a bottle. E. G. West & Co., agents.

# THE FEUD OF THE ADMIRALS

T. P. O'CONNOR, in M.A.P.

NOT the delights of the season; nor the surprises and possibilities of the Olympic Games; nor the splendid change for the better in the weather—not one of these or a score of others of the usual topics, has occupied so much of the gossip and discussion of the week as the fight between the Admirals. Naturally it is not a subject into the merits of which I have the least notion of entering here. I note, at the same time, that this quarrel seems to differ from other service quarrels in the fact that there is evidently a very well planned and organized press campaign—I rather think on the one side as well as the other. The Times seems to have taken the part of Sir John Fisher; The Morning Post and The Standard, as well as The Express, have ranged themselves on the side of Lord Charles Beresford. It is evident that the feud, then, is very hot; and of course it must end in the disappearance of either the one or the other of the two protagonists.

My humbler duty here is to attempt to give some idea of the personality of the two great officers. Lord Charles Beresford, naturally, I can describe better than the other, having known him for many years as a member of the House of Commons. He is almost ridiculously like what everybody's natural impression would be of a British Tar—especially if the Tar were, in addition, of Irish birth. There is not a single detail wanting in the image—I might say the eternal image—of the Tar as seen in a score of melodramas, and as he presents himself to all our imaginations. The face is round and chubby, the complexion rough, ultra-ruddy, very like that of the typical busman and for the same reason, namely, constant life in the open air; the frame is robust, taut, and alert, a little inclined to stoutness; the walk is somewhat bandy-legged, as is bound to be the case where a man has had to balance himself for years on the rolling deck; the arms are held akimbo—also suggesting the breezy Tar life; and finally the voice is loud, hearty, and as harmonious as a foghorn. Add to all the ordinary characteristics the friendly and cordial manner of an Irishman—the love of fun, the keen sense of the humorous, and the desire to be friendly to everybody—and you get a fairly good idea of the impression Lord Charles Beresford makes upon people. He is not in the least the inarticulate creature the sailor is supposed to be; he can talk rapidly and almost volubly on any subject he understands; and whenever the Navy Estimates came along in the House of Commons Lord Charles Beresford was certain during his Parliamentary career to make his fair share of speeches. He spoke in such a way as you would expect a sailor to speak, loudly, peremptorily—though there was always a redeeming gleam of fun in his eye and a ready smile on his face, and with that foghorn voice pitched to such a high note that you could hear him down on the Terrace and even across the Thames in the wards of St. Thomas' Hospital.

Lord Charles comes of a wild stock, wealthy, powerful, for some generations almost the leading family in the Anglo-Irish aristocracy. The head of the family is Marquis of Waterford, and owner of innumerable acres. Usually, also, another of them is enthroned in the Archbishopric of the See of Armagh, and of course with a seat in the House of Lords in the old days before the Disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church.

Hot blood, then, runs in Lord Charles Beresford's veins; in his case mitigated by long years of active service, by the hard discipline of the Navy, by great emergencies, out of which he came glorious, in battles by sea and battles by land. In recent years he has been even more alert than ever, and even younger than ever, all because, as he himself puts it, he has had the courage to become an absolute abstainer. And, barring his hot Irish and hereditary temperament, I cannot understand his doing anything very rash or very stupid.

Though he is not Irish, there is a good deal of quicksilver—at least, to judge from his appearance—in Sir John Fisher too. I had an opportunity of studying him for three weeks some years ago when he was taking the cure at Marienbad—he was almost as great a lover of that delightful health resort as poor C. B.; and was a devotee of it long before the King ever set his foot there. Here, again, was the typical sailor in appearance and manner. A round, bullet-shaped head, a robust, taut, alert body, eyes dark and somewhat protruding, a sallow skin, a compressed mouth, a ready laugh, a quick manner, such is my recollection of his appearance. He is what his looks suggest, I believe, a dynamic man, all motion, activity, and power—ready to get up and be at his desk at five in the morning; masterful, clear-sighted, impatient of opposition, and frightened from no purpose by its difficulty or its unpopularity. I know too little about the Navy to pass any opinion on the changes he has introduced; but I gather that they are of a revolutionary character; that steamships have been "scrapped" and thrown away as old iron, with something of the splendid recklessness a great American manufacturer or a newspaper proprietor shows when he throws out £100,000 worth of machinery from a mill or a printing-office two years after he has heard of something faster and better. In all the old ideas of the places where attack might come and defence should therefore be always ready, Sir John Fisher, I also gather from the papers and speeches, has been quite as revolutionary—filling up with vessels spots which were left bare and leaving bare places where there was congestion under the old regime. This policy finds, of course, its crux in the regions in and about our own Isles, for there it is that if there were to be an attempted descent on the United Kingdom the Navy would have to fight and win or die, and therefore the number of ships to be placed in this point or that is one of the vital problems of national security. It is no wonder that there should be hot differences of opinion on the problems so supreme; and that as men differ on points so cardinal, their difference should develop more heat as the discussion goes on.

I gather that Lord Charles Beresford differs fundamentally on this point from Sir John Fisher; that he regards himself as deprived of the number of ships which are necessary for the safety of the positions he has to defend; and that two masterful men, finding themselves at variance on such an issue, are fighting their battle with something like personal ferocity. How will it all end? A little date perhaps will supply the key. Early next year the command of Lord Charles Beresford comes automatically to an end; and it is obviously the desire of Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna to look to that date as relieving them from the painful necessity of going to extremes; and thus the dispute will for the moment be ended. But Lord Charles Beresford is an old electioneer, and an old member of Parliament, and it is possible that we shall hear the next chapter unfolded at Westminster. May I be there to see!

## What the Prince Wore.

OVER in the States every detail concerning royalty is of interest. The correspondents of the Canadian daily papers at Quebec have not thought it worth while to describe the clothes worn by the Prince of Wales, but the American papers seem to think that

their readers will expect such details. So they have done their best in this respect. For example, the New York World's Quebec correspondent writes:

The Prince of Wales has brought over a new style of dress, or rather an old style revived. He wore on Sunday, going to church, a top hat of light grey color, with black band one and one-half inches wide. In shape it corresponds to the current London block, having higher crown, more of a bell and brim slightly broader than New York styles. He wore gloves of grey suede, matching the hat in color, with heavy black stitching on the back. Because he was going to church, his frock coat was black, of course.

Immediately afterwards he changed the clothes to lighter weight and color, for the day was very warm. This suit was of plain grey cheviot, solid in color and darker in shade than the top hat which he continued to wear all afternoon. The coat was a frock often called "Prince Albert," reaching to the knees, skirts rather wide and waist rather close fitting. The collar lapels were cut low and partly faced with silk, slightly differing in shade from the cloth. The coat had three buttons in front and overlapped. Trousers were of same material as coat. All the swells in the Prince's suite had clothes of the same pattern. The light grey top hats were the envy and dismay of the Canadian chappies, for not a "topper" like that is to be had in the Dominion.

Vice-President Fairbanks' black top hat of 1898 vintage is sadly in need of ironing. His black frock coat is short in tails and his gloves are mere ordinary tans.

## A Statue to the Queen.

PUBLIC OPINION, of London, says: The first statue to Queen Alexandra has been erected at the London Hospital, of which she is president, and Lord Crewe unveiled it. Lord Crewe said it was an honor he would never forget to be privileged to unveil the first statue to the Queen. We had had a long line of illustrious consorts—Hanover, Stuart, Tudor, Plantagenet—yet there was not one in that illustrious line who had been so enthroned in the heart of the nation as her Majesty Queen Alexandra. Forty-five years ago she came to England at a time of deep sorrow for the nation. The Queen had been lately widowed, and the country had lost the eminent Prince Consort. As Princess of Wales she came to brighten both the Court and the people, in whose heart she has lived since then.

She had herself known sorrow in the loss of beloved parents and beloved children, whilst twice she had known the anxiety of watching at her husband's bedside, and it was fitting there should be such a memorial to her in that hospital for all time. It was not possible for the painter or the sculptor to reproduce in its entirety the radiant grace which distinguished the Queen, but it was surely a good thing that, in those surroundings of sorrow and suffering, of courage and patience, they had erected an abiding memorial to the qualities possessed by the Queen—qualities which adorned our common humanity.

The colossal bronze statue is the work of Mr. George E. Wade, and is the first statue of the Queen which has ever been erected. One of the bronze relief panels represents the opening of the Finsen Light Department by her Majesty.

## Mr. Huntly Wright's Golf Story

A WRITER in London M.A.P. tells this story: When Mr. Huntly Wright goes on tour—and for the sake of his golf that is not so often as he would like—he takes every opportunity of playing on the famous courses. About three years ago he found himself at St. Andrews, and the royal and ancient club appointed itself his host. The St. Andrews' caddies, as "characters," have won fame, and Mr. Wright met one who was able to contribute to his stock of good stories.

"Being a very timid little fellow," began the man who had "made" more musical comedies than anybody else, when he told the story to me, "I hardly dared walk over the course, and when I did play a match!—well, the waiting on the first tee amongst all those cracks was as nervous an experience as a first night. I had a dour auld fisherman caddie, who, when I fozzled, just looked at me, not angrily, but hurt. I tried to be chatty and bright.

"I suppose," I said, "you've carried for all those famous golfers, eh? Members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers?"

"Aye."

"Well, how does the Prime Minister play?"

"Oh, him. He's nae golfer."

"And what do you think of the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"He canna' hit a ba'. I've carried for a good many here, and I'm of opinion that the cleverer the man the poorer the golfer."

"After thinking this out," added Mr. Wright, "and taking about nine for the next hole, I gave him a shilling and told him I was quite of his opinion."

## Flying the Union Jack.

THE Earl of Crewe in the House of Lords recently said that "many of them knew that there had existed in the public mind a curious notion as to what flag might be and what flag might not be flown. At one time it seemed to be believed that the Royal Standard could be flown anywhere and by anybody. That, however, was not the case. The Royal Standard was the personal flag of the Sovereign and could not properly be flown without His Majesty's permission, which was only granted when either the King or Queen was present. This state of things did not apply to the Union Jack. The Union Jack should be regarded as the national flag, and it, undoubtedly, might be flown on land by all His Majesty's subjects.

## Reaping

THE sun shines hot on the dust-white road,  
A cool wind ripples the gold of the wheat;  
On the lone wide prairie has fate bestowed  
A bounty of love that to man is meet.

And the reaper sings 'mid the falling grain—  
A musical burr of belts and wheels—  
As the farmer rides o'er this golden main  
And the strength of his acres proudly feels.

Out from the cold machine there falls  
The precious sheaf that shall feed a world,  
Up from the soil a glad peace calls  
That the strife of man in content be furled.

And the long day dies, and the white stars gleam,  
And a vision of plenty crowns his work,  
As the toiler walks in a waking dream  
Through lanes where the evening shadows lurk.

In his heart are thanks, on his lips a prayer,  
His love for men has grown doubly strong,  
And he wishes a harvest good and fair  
To all who suffer from want or wrong.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Outing.

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**Fry's** PURE **Cocoa**  
THE CHEAPEST  
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isn't any more expensive than the cheaper kind. Try ours and get your hair right.

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**KERKOFF, Paris, France**  
**ALFRED H. SMITH CO**  
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Stella—I suppose you have had many hair-breadth escapes? Knicker—Yes; a woman's coiffure was all that kept me from seeing a play once.—**Harper's Bazar.**

"Poor Tom, it cost him a terrible lot to give up his sweetheart." "Then why did he?" "Because it would have cost him a great deal more if he hadn't."—**The Tatler.**

An old offender was recently introduced to a new county justice as John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."—**Uncle Remus Magazine.**

# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THOSE giving dinners at the Yacht Club before the dance on Tuesday evening were: Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. F. Strother, Mr. C. Hill, Mr. Dick Cowan, Dr. McPhedran, Mr. J. McLeod, Mr. W. L. Murphy, Mr. J. L. Burnaud, Mr. N. Hillary, Mr. Alan Murray, Mr. J. McAdie, Mr. A. Fraser, Mr. F. E. Smallpeice, Mr. P. Rogers, Mr. J. H. Peters, Mr. R. A. Kelly, Mr. T. Gilmour. Some of those noticed at the dance were:—Mrs. Wilson, of Niagara Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Burnaud, who have just returned from Quebec, where they stayed at the Frontenac for the celebrations. Mrs. Wilson wore a black and white organdie and lace gown and becoming Charlotte Corday hat; Mrs. Burnaud was in a lingerie frock and black hat with plumes and gold band; Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Hammond, the lady wearing a lovely gown of white crepe de chene and lace with silver tassels and leghorn hat massed with roses and forget-me-nots. She also wore a white cloak with gold cords and turquoise silk hood; Mrs. E. S. Ellis and Miss Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Bellingham; Miss Violet Lee in a pink flowered organdie and hat with big pink taffeta bows; the Misses Morrison, Miss Hulbert, Miss Schlange. Mrs. Alan Murray was very pretty in a white lace frock and large rose-colored hat and wings, and her sister, Miss Hennessy, looked chic in a white and cream dress and lace hat with bows to match; Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Draper Dobie, Miss Robson, Miss Stewart, Mrs. A. G. Allan, Miss Aileen Robertson, princess lingerie frock and panama hat, with pink ribbon; the Messrs. Bremner, Mr. Bruce Robertson, Mr. Percy Paterson, Mr. Scanchett, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Arthur Porter, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Ernest Kortwright, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Nicholson, the latter wearing a white frock and hat with wings and cerise bows. Miss Edith Porter wore white and a hat with pink roses, and her guest, Miss Ball, of Woodstock, was in white and blue and a white hat and feather; Miss Beryl Dennis was very smart, all in mauve and a hat with lilacs of the same shade; Mrs. George Burson (Ottawa), wore a gown of white point d'esprit with black silk ornaments and small rose toque with paradise plumes; Mr. Harold Franks, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Charlie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. McMurtry, Mrs. McMurtry wearing a white linen tailor-made with insertions of guipure and hat with wreath of forget-me-nots; Mr. Noel Marshall, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Moody, Mr. Dick Chadwick, Miss Oakley, Miss Simpson, Miss McIntosh, Miss Ardagh; Miss Dell Sylvester was dainty in mauve; Mr. D. Taylor, Mr. Jim MacMurray; Miss Mona Murray looked her prettiest in a lingerie frock; Miss Irving wore a dress of fine embroidery, with pink sash and a hat with garland of pink velvet convolvuli; Miss Helen Armstrong wore white and blue and a peacock green hat; Miss Freda Taylor was very pretty in a green frock and a large hat, which made a becoming frame for her sunburned face; Miss Alexander, Miss Harrington, Miss Evans. Miss Crawford wore a pink flounced organdie and lace hat with pink bows; Mrs. Frank Smallpeice was in Dresden silk gown and hat with blue ribbon and roses; Miss Muriel Jarvis was pretty and petite in pale blue and a big hat with blue bows; Mrs. Somerset was in white and a lingerie hat with pale blue; Mr. Miller, Mr. Hynes, Mr. Hillary, Mrs. Bryce, Miss Stanley, Mr. Fully.

Miss Florence Bell is in Muskoka.

Mrs. Polson and her children, accompanied by Miss Grace Polson and Miss Rosamine Boulbee, have left for the continent, where Mrs. Polson will stay in France for two or three years.

The Hon. J. J. Foy and the Misses Foy have left for Temagami in a private car, and will be absent for a couple of weeks.

Miss Muriel Smellie is the guest of Mrs. Miller Lash in Muskoka.

Col. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are leaving shortly for the Adirondacks, where they will spend two months.

The Argonauts sailed from England yesterday by the Empress of Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McNally are spending their vacation among the Rideau Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Medland, Miss Alice Medland and Mr. Gordon Medland spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

Dr. Young gave a dinner the other evening at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in honor of Dr. John Deering (Chicago). A few of those present were: Dr. R. J. Wilson, Dr. W. H. Pepler, Dr. W. H. B. Aitkins, Dr. C. J. Moore, Dr. Thistle, Dr. Ingersoll Olmstead (Hamilton).

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Greening, daughter of Mr. Thomas B. Greening, of St. George street, to Lieut.-Commander Basile Pantazzi, of Bucharest, Roumania.

Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, of Madison avenue, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wallbridge and daughter, have returned from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, where they have been for the last month.

The Lambton Golf and Country Club is holding its annual tournament from August 1st to August 8th. An orchestra has been engaged and a dance will be held on Thursday and Saturday nights.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Morphy, Oshawa, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Irene, to Mr. John Craig, Prince Albert, Sask., the wedding to take place quietly the middle of August.

Mr. Clifford Brown, of Victoria, formerly of Toronto, is here for a two months' visit.

Mrs. C. E. Hoffman, of Berlin, who has been visiting friends in Huron and St. George streets, returned home on Thursday.

Among the young Toronto people in London for the Olympic games are: Miss Maud Band, Miss Dorothy Beardmore, Miss Irene Phelan, Miss May Perry, Miss G. Carling, Miss Beatrice Cosgrave, Miss Inez Clark, Miss Isabel Clarke, Misses Florence and Josephine Davis, Miss Jessie Darrington, Miss Edith English, Miss Earls, Miss N. Grant, Miss Haddon, Miss Gladys Hogaboom, Miss A. Gurney, Miss Garrick, Miss Grace Stone, Miss Ora

Wright, Mr. Jack Bonde, Mr. Torrance Beardmore, Mr. S. Carlston, Mr. Jim Cosgrave, Mr. Bob Creelman, Mr. Dick Harcourt, Mr. Allan Keith, Mr. Fred Lee, Mr. F. Leonard, Mr. R. Newton, Mr. Win Sifton, Mr. Archie Sullivan, Mr. C. Band, Mr. Charles Stewart.

Dr. Alpha C. Bennett has returned to 36 Melbourne avenue from England, where he has just completed a fifteen months' course of advanced study in the famous hospitals of London, Edinburgh and Dublin.

A wedding was solemnized in Wesley church, Dundas street, on July 15, when Miss Alice Maud Bean was married to Mr. Arthur J. Algate by the Rev. J. D. Fitzpatrick. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Owen Bean, of Berlin, wore an Empire gown of white silk mulle and Valenciennes lace, with hat to match and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel Gladys Bean, who was gown in pale pink silk voile with pink hat and carried pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Thomas Jackson. After a reception held at the home of the bride's mother, 38 Argyle street, Mr. and Mrs. Algate left on the 5 o'clock train for a trip through Muskoka.

Miss Marion Taylor, of Parkdale, is spending a couple of weeks in Muskoka before going to Temagami.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Sullivan have returned from Montreal.

Miss Virginia Hugel is the guest of Mrs. Keating, at her new house in Rosedale.

Mr. A. R. Doran has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Boyd and Miss Maude Boyd are at Minnicog, also Mrs. George Harman and Miss Adele Harman, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Isobel Robertson, Mr. Percy Paterson, Mr. Harold Scandrett and Mr. Willcocks Baldwin are going up next week.

Among those who enjoyed the Island Aquatic dance last Friday night were: Mrs. Cecil Horrocks, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Lugsdin, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Alfred Rolph, Mrs. J. M. Taylor, Mr. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sutton, Mrs. Arthur Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Moody, Mrs. McIndoe, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sweatman, Mrs. Bellingham, Mrs. Shae, Mr. and Mrs. J. Towers Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. George Chadwick, Miss Hazel Goad, Miss Holgate, Miss Rupay, Miss Marjory Hutchins, Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Dorothy McCausland, Miss Sutton, Miss Vera Pearson, Miss Spence, Miss Denison, Miss Ethel Trees, Miss Bellingham, Miss Dora Ridout, Miss Marguerite Carrick, Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Ottilie Ardagh, Miss Gladys Eastwood, Miss Helen Ryrie, Miss Nellie Moffatt, Miss Enid Alexander, Miss Rita Ardagh, Miss Bowes, Miss Mary Yonge, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Dorothy Bowes, the Messrs. Fakner, Bowes, Munehan, Alan Gray, Austin Meredith, Jim Merrick, Irving Ardagh, Arthur Dunstan, Paul Meredith, Alan Trees, Claude Crombie, Chris. Trees, W. Sutton, Lewis Browne, Edward Gillespie, Harold Ireland, Harold Wilson, Lawrence Goad, and Fleischmann (Buffalo).

Mrs. Silverthorn was the hostess of a luncheon and bridge party at Niagara-on-the-Lake, this week, given in honor of Mrs. Ollis, the prize, a very handsome silver photograph frame, being won by Mrs. Samuel Thompson, whose remarkably clever bridge playing has been rewarded by a number of prizes this season. The usual two dances have been held in the Queen's Royal casino this week, with an additional one on the holiday, when a large number of Toronto people were over, and the barn-dance and Paul Jones were the features of the evening. This has been an unusually busy week on the Queen's Royal golf links, which are in splendid condition this season and are the scene of many keenly contested matches. On Monday evening a mixed foursome handicap was played off, for prizes donated by Mrs. Inglis, who is spending her sixth week at the Queen's and enjoying the sports more every day; on Friday there were putting contests and the customary tea at the club house, which is a favorite rendezvous on the warm afternoons, as one may always find a delightfully cool breeze on its wide verandah, which commands a fine view of the lake. Another entertaining event of Friday was the golf match, to which everyone entering contributed a prize, the value not exceeding twenty-five cents, the owner of the best score having the pick of the miscellaneous collection of favors. In this way even the most hopeless duffers are enabled to proudly exhibit a prize for the first time in their lives. To-day there is to be a men's handicap tournament. Tennis was represented by a mixed doubles tournament, on Tuesday morning, and will be again to the fore on August 12. The children's dancing class, in the casino, met on Tuesday and Friday mornings and is a most enjoyable event to all the little ones, who are eagerly looking forward to the fancy dress ball, for both grown-ups and children, which takes place on Aug. 20, in the casino, and promises to be as enjoyable as those of former years, which have left a very pleasant remembrance with those who were lucky enough to attend them. The first annual sports held by the Queen's Royal were the centre of interest in Niagara, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the rain most considerably clearing off for the occasion, and the various events being witnessed by an excited crowd of rooters, who cheered their favorites on to victory. A few Toronto people at the Queen's Royal this week are: Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Miss Curry, Mrs. Fritz Fox, Miss A. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. de Gras, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson.

General Percy Lake is at the Place Viger, in Montreal, also Commander Spain.

Admiral Kingsmill R.N., is in Guelph this week, attending the Old Boy's Reunion and is the guest of Mr. H. Murton. Mrs. Kingsmill, with her sons, is at Terlington Farm, on the Kingston road, spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Beardmore.

The marriage of Miss May Muriel Ferguson to Mr. Wilton Arthur Holleday takes place very quietly on August 12.

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NEXT WEEK AT SHEA'S.

The latest production, "Six Little Girls and a Teddy Bear," which appears at Shea's theatre next week, is decidedly refreshing from the fact that this act now offered to the public does not only entertain the grown-ups, but the children as well. The six girls are credited with being the cleverest ensemble team of dancers before the public; they are all American girls who have been together for years past, while the comedian, Everett Scott, is universally known for his successful efforts in the line of animal life.

The special features for the week are Sadie Jansell and Linton and Lawrence. Other acts on the big bill are the Josselin Trio, Nelson Dowris, Ahearn Troupe, Gaudsmit Bros. and the kinetograph.

"I went fishing yesterday," remarked the obese passenger. "Have any luck?" queried the drummer. "Sure," answered the o. p. "I didn't get drowned or lose any of my bait."—**Exchange.**

**She Had Him Beaten**

HE was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten an ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked.  
"No, sir."  
"Talk slang?"  
"No, sir."  
"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"  
"No, sir."

"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Chin through the telephone half

a dozen times a day?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something to ask her when she took a hand in the matter, and put a few queries.

"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.

"Why—er—no," he gasped, in astonishment.

"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"

"Cer—tainly not!"

"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"

"N—never."

"Lay for your employees with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"

"No, indeed."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"

"I—think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

"You bet!" he broke in, enthusiastically.

"Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."

—**New York Sun.**

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes, but he wants to keep solid with the building inspectors," added the Simple Mug.—**Philadelphia Record.**

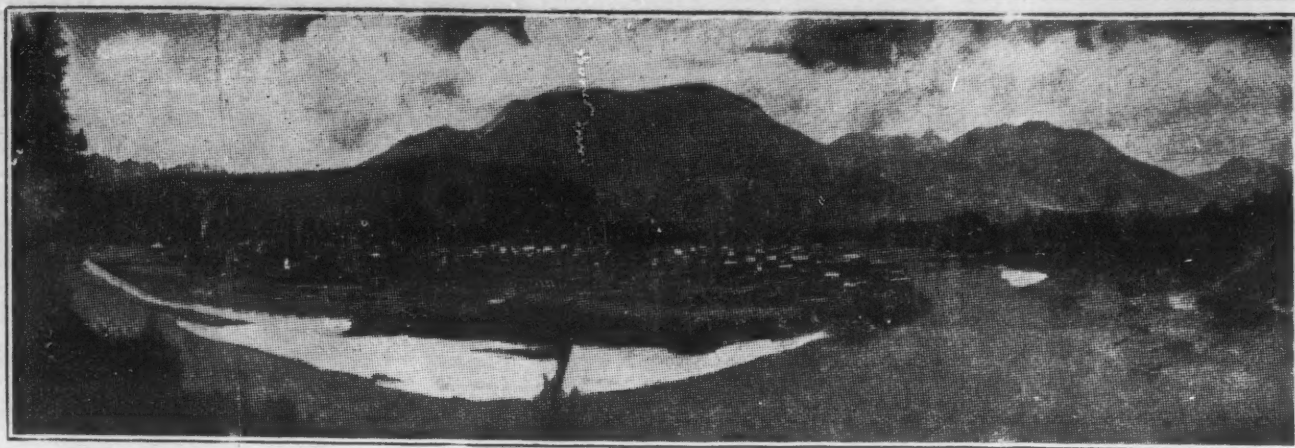
"I suppose you know why you are here?" asked the judge severely.

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner.

"Yes, sir."

"I was drug here."—**Birmingham Age-Herald.**





THE STRICKEN CITY OF FERNIE.

In the terrible disaster in the Kootenay Valley, British Columbia, last Saturday, the towns of Fernie, Michel and Coal Creek were wiped out by racing fires, which, originating in the heavy timber at West Fernie, jumped the river and destroyed a whole district. Sixty-two deaths are reported, and the list may be increased to seventy or eighty. 7,000 people are homeless, and the property loss will exceed \$5,000,000. Relief and sympathy have gone to the devastated towns from many cities of the east as well as from the west, Toronto sending \$5,000. The Dominion and Provincial Governments are also assisting in the relief work. The people of Fernie are said to be showing high courage, and but little despondency, and the city will no doubt be at once rebuilt and become more prosperous than ever.

## The Joys of Camping

THIS is the time of year when we should all go out and camp. He knows this of a certainty who year by year has tried it and found it good. But experience makes perfect; and after several trials a man knows that camping with a party is a futile and stupid experience, and not unlike camping in evening clothes or near a town. If for any frailty, physical, mental, or moral, one cannot camp alone—"mutterseelen allein," as the Germans emphatically and quaintly phrase it—then one should take a boy and a dog along, for they have a way of absenting themselves, tramping, exploring, swimming, fishing or hunting all day, and only turn up hungry and sleepy after sunset. Also, it is futile to camp if one is dependent upon three meals a day. Air and water are excellent nourishment, and a meal after tidying up camp in the middle of the morning, and another after sunset with the dog and the boy, are all-sufficient to a hardened camper.

Real camping requires at least five miles of surrounding silence and loneliness and a good spring of water, and then one's shelter matters little. A tent or a deserted log cabin and a little help in the beginning at installing the woodpile and building a fireplace suffice for all the needs of man through August. To have a tent near that last forlorn refuge of the dull and the vacant, the summer hotel, is no camping at all, for the whole object of the expedition is to be thrown back once more upon one's own resources, and find out what civilization and education and comforts have done for us. One has then a fair chance of measuring how much company our thoughts and perceptions unaided can furnish us.

Perhaps the ideal camping lodge is an old deserted cabin, with two rustic benches on either side the door, and a flowing stream with a good stone-lined pool not too far distant. To sit on one's front settle and look out upon miles of stretching meadow, hill and wood, gives one a lord-of-the-maneur sensation which the most complex of mansions with its serving-folk and difficult organization cannot bestow. Here is our leisure to enjoy and contemplate unbroken and unimpaird.

"We plough the very skies, as well  
As earth; the spacious seas  
Are ours; the stars all gems excel.

The air was made to please  
The souls of men; devouring fire  
Doth feed and quicken man's desire.  
The sun itself doth in its glory shine,  
And gold and silver out of very mire,  
And pearls and rubies out of earth  
refine;

While herbs and flowers aspire  
To touch and make our feet divine.  
How glorious is man's fate!  
The laws of God, the works He did  
create,  
His ancient ways, are His and my  
estate."

One's bedroom should, first of all, be chosen not too far from the woodshed to pull one's cot or mattress in and out. For a bed is an ungainly piece of furniture in the daytime and should be hustled out of sight, and yet at night perfect contemplation requires springs and sheets. Complete repose steals over him, however, who, lying in comfort a cot's height above the creeping ants and lizards, sees a wavering carpet about him of tall, gray grasses, thickly studded with daisies and harebells. The hillsides and peeping mountains that form the distant circular walls blend in color with the inwrought harebells, and shade from azure into misty purple, and all night long the ceiling shifts. The clouds are wavering draperies fanned across the stars. Charles's Wain and Cassiopeia

chasse around Polaris; Vega, blue and steely, dominates at first the highest arch of the sky, and if over the edge of the eastern hills one notes a strange and splendid white glow, it means that in the course of the hour the broad face of the moon will peep over, laughing at the joke. He is a lucky camper who can keep awake watching the scenery all night. Somehow, even with the best intents to see it all, the hours slip out of sight, the keen air blows us over into unconsciousness, and the glow of dawning awakens us.

How instinctively man awakes to work! How natural activity is! Straightway the path of the sun points out the swimming pool, and then one begins to fetch water, to inspect the woodpile, to turn over one's stores. One whistles with the boy and scampers with the dog, and sweeps and orders and sets the day along to motion.

When the sun has ridden past the meridian, however, it is quite as natural to lie on one's back and inspect the depth of azure above and the sailing of those heaped-up, cotton-wool clouds that litter the blue floor of the sky with shreds and patches. The young camper may want to do things all day, but the beauty of many camping days is that one has learned to lie still on one's back all the long, lazy, declining afternoon, just staring at the shadows as they begin to slant, and the colors as they brighten along the horizon line.

Nor must one ever regret the slow, still hours of a day when a uniform gray stretches from curve to curve of the horizon, and the rain falls steadily, unaggressively, unbrokenly through lagging time. One can heap the cushions on the settle, under the slanting roof of the doorway, and, with a raincoat thrown over one, keep still. The stiller one is, the more passive and patient one becomes, the better; and only a stupid man would look about distrustfully for useful thoughts. The thoughts that chance along the way, bowing themselves courteously through the consciousness, are much more like to be worth our hospitality than those we have chased and harried till they are worn out. And then, when one is very, very still, one begins to hear the steady swish of the rain as it falls through the air and its gentle tapping on the sodden ground. In a stillness such as this all kinds of sounds become perceptible. Far off in the woods one hears the intermittent subdued chatter of the birds. They do not sing, but occasionally they exchange a few remarks about the prospects of the weather. Now and then a bird's shrill cry breaks forth, intense and scolding—doubtless some mother bird telling her restless young not to run out in the wet and get their feathers damp. Occasionally, too, the quiet, steady sounds are interrupted by some insect's shrilling. What about? Who knows? In such a lazy mood one can speculate for hours what the insect wanted, why it burst suddenly into audible eloquence and as suddenly stopped. Was the outburst effective? Was it indignation—a call upon the gods to right an evil world, or just a glorifying hymn of praise?

And such long day, drawn to its close, need waken no reproachful thoughts of idleness. What better thing can we do for our Creator than stop to love and admire His handiwork? Is it not, after all, the surest way of fulfilling the purpose of creation according to the Scotchman's first answer in the Shorter Catechism?

Perhaps the very finest days are those when the air is heavy and inert, after the rain is over, and clouds are gray and heavy and hang hardly an arm's length over the hillsides. Such a day presses all the

color out of the earth; the brown and olive tones stand out in the woods, and below the yellow grasses one sees an inch or two of vivid, sodden green, and the stems of the white birches stand out and flaunt themselves before the eyes like ladies at a garden party. The stones are a wet, slippery gray, and one gets the old sensation of light coming forth from the earth and rising towards the sky, the exactly contrary experience of watching, as evening falls, the darkness rising from the clefts in the furrows of the earth, slowly spreading and enveloping the woods and invading the sky.

And so let no man waste his years without a few glad weeks of camping. For neither wealth, nor love, nor fame, nor achievement shall repay him for the loss of those lazy hours when he might have lain prone beneath a beneficent heaven, staring at the clouds, peering through long grasses, watching the checkered sunlight break into the woods, or reviewing at night the marshalling of the heavenly forces.

"Then nowise worship dusty deeds,  
Nor seek, for this is also sooth,  
To hunger fiercely after truth,  
Lest all thy toiling only breeds  
New dreams, new dreams. There is  
no truth

Save in thine own heart. Seek, then,  
No learning from the stary men,  
Who follow with the optic glass  
The whirling way of stars that  
pass—

Seek, then—for this is also sooth—  
No word of theirs—the cold star-  
bane  
Has cloven and rent their heart's in  
twain,  
And dead is all their human truth."  
—Harper's Weekly.

### What Betty Learned Abroad

BETTY'S back from Europe. Such a gorgeous trip! Highly educational—even on the ship.

What did Betty learn? Oh, my! Everything on earth. One ought to know—and have you seen the gown she got from Worth?

Paris? Just delightful! Betty "did" it well.

What she saw! Well, lots of things, Betty wouldn't tell.

The Louvre, of course, the Eiffel and the Bois and all of that—And, oh, the sweetest vision of a pink and purple hat!

A hat—one can't describe it—with the true Parisian flare.

And feathers a la—something—falling sideways on the hair.

London? Simply charming! So historic, don't you know—

The Tower and the palaces, the churches and the "Row."

Betty saw them all, she thinks—they come to her in flashes;

And all of them—the men, I mean—were funny waxed mustaches

And high silk hats; but oh, my dear, they're clever as can be,

And say the most delightful things across a cup of tea.

The voyage? Really perfect! A little rough perhaps;

But when the ship was rolling on our chaperon took naps,

There were so many things to learn—of masts and ropes and plugs,

And such delightful men to tuck you in your steamer rugs;

Or if you felt the wabble of the boat a little, too,

Well—aren't ship doctors charming in those uniforms of blue?

Betty's back from Europe! Frazzled to a thread!

Glad to get once more into a comfortable bed.

Her bills. Alas, what father said! But why his vain vexation?

Betty's had her trip abroad—and such an education!

—New York Sun.

## Why People Are Not Buying Pictures

THE London Times gives some reasons why people in England at all events, are not buying pictures as they once did. The Times says:

In a few days we shall have the last of the season's sales at Christie's, and to many people that is as much as to say that the season itself is at an end. There is still, indeed, a fortnight of the Royal Academy, and the vast collections in the Franco-British exhibition will happily be on view for several months to come. But the searcher for fine things, or for bargains, in the auction-room, when he sadly sees the doors of Christie's close, is aware that a "close time" has begun, and that till November he must content himself with other forms of sport.

To the art world at large the end of the auctions suggests the question: What sort of a season has it been? Has the public shown more, or less, desire than usual to possess the works of artists, living or dead? Have the exhibitions prospered, or is there any lightning of the pressure of those hard times for artists of which we have been hearing for a good many years past? We fear that in this respect there is no improvement to record, though, of course, certain portrait painters, and a few subject and landscape painters, are prosperous enough, and though the excellent and growing habit of employing sculpture for decoration, within and without the house, has given employment to many sculptors.

The truth is that there are too many artists, not only in England, but everywhere. Eight hundred of them, as we recorded the other day, have formed a society for the exhibition of their works in the Albert Hall, as to the commercial success of which our wishes are stronger than our hopes; and to these eight hundred we have to add the hundreds who exhibit elsewhere. To be a painter or a sculptor is a pleasant thing; youth is sanguine about its own powers; the profession is adopted, and in nine cases out of ten youth slips by before either recognition or reward has fallen to the lot of the once hopeful artist. He may make a living out of illustration or designing wall-papers or textiles, and thus he may contribute to the elevation of the general taste; but his pictures do not sell, and when he dies the contents of his studio form the poorest of inheritances for his widow and children. Yet, with this prospect before them, scores or hundreds of the pupils of the art schools, or of self-taught enthusiasts, become painters every year. They cannot be too often reminded that the demand is not equal to the supply; that taste becomes more and more exacting; and that, while the world is more than ever anxious for the best things in art, it repeats with increasing em-

phasis upon mediocre artists the condemnation that Horace pronounced upon mediocre poets.

This is also the lesson taught by the sale rooms, and by the state of the general commerce in art, with regard to the painters of the past. One of the most curious features during the last few years has been the gradual restriction of taste, and therefore of demand, within very narrow limits. We know a great deal more than our fathers knew about the Old Masters; archives have given up a thousand secrets, and photographs have brought the contents of every museum home to every collector; but, none the less, it is only a very few of the greatest men whose works are bought by those who can afford to pay great prices. Of their works the cost is growing in a truly portentous manner.

A portrait group which a few years ago would have been valued at less than £20,000 has just been bought by an American for at least four times that sum. In the Holland sale last month, Turner's "Mortlake" was sold, also to an American, for 12,500 guineas, more than double the price it brought in the James Price collection only a few years ago. Turner's water-colors, in the same sale, and Frederick Walker's also, beat all records. The reasons may be given in a sentence; these were the finest of their class, they are rare, and they are in eager demand in the circle which, very small as it is, is the only circle that counts. Only the men of great fortune can buy these things, but of them there are quite enough, in Europe and America, to make a market. But the moderate fortunes are grievously affected by crises and hard times; and it is certain that the troubles of last autumn in America were for the time "the death blow to the ordinary art market."

Art is the very first thing that is affected by such a condition. In New York, Paris and London people at once stopped buying pictures, china, jewelry and the like; and that they have not yet recommenced with any energy is the main cause of the bad season of which those who depend on that kind of business are complaining, almost to a man. So the paradox is no paradox. We have simultaneously "record" prices for the finest things, and no prices at all for ordinary things.

The question which is exercising most seriously the minds of those who live by art, whether as producers or dealers, is whether this ordinary business will revive. The other class, of course, will continue; there are enough museums and millionaires to make it certain that the finest things will always find a market, and at enhanced prices. But with regard to the rest, the case is not so clear. In the first place, there is that tremendous over-production of modern works, in all countries, which makes it more and more difficult for the buyer to choose, which gives him a completely new set of ideals to admire every two or three years, and which reduces him first to bewilderment and then to a general condition of refusing to buy. But even if this difficulty could be surmounted, and even if the Stock Exchange were to shake off the depression of the last few years, it may be doubted whether other interests have not lately tended to take the place of that interest in art which was so general in the days when Ruskin was writing and when the galleries of Europe were being so much expanded and so scientifically organized.

We are inclined to think that the motor car has something to answer for in this respect, as in many others. The motor takes people out of the towns into the country. To meet the cost of this new, and to many people fascinating, necessity, people trench in house rent; they live in smaller homes; they spend more time in the open air; they have a new hobby, which for many of them becomes an enduring interest. And, therefore, they do not feel the want

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of buying pictures, which are henceforth left to the very rich, or to the smaller folk who cannot afford a motor. It is a curious by-product of an advance in civilization; but the connection of cause and effect is at least probable. The certainty that motoring will increase indefinitely is a fact that brings no consolation whatever to the artists and picture dealers who reflect upon it.

The most remarkable railroad enterprise of to-day, the construction of the Turkish line connecting Damascus with Mecca, for the benefit of the thousands of pilgrims who journey each year from all portions of the Mohammedan world to the Sacred City, is nearing completion. The line has now reached the city of Medina, only 250 miles north of Mecca, and on September 1, the anniversary of the accession to the throne of the Sultan, will take place the inauguration of the mosque near the station there, of the water supply from Ain Elzerk, and of the railway line. The railway, as far as completed, has a total length of 1500 kilometers (932 miles), including the branch to Haifa, the stations, all built of stone, and the workshops all having been constructed in less than six years.

"I fell out of the window of my flat yesterday." "And you are on the fourth floor. That was terrible." "Yes; I don't know how to face the janitor. I'm sure I've violated some clause in my lease."—Washington Herald.

### In Passing.

WHEN the weary winter's gone  
And the birds come back again,  
And the tenderness of dawn,  
And the hum and pulse of noon,  
And the laughter in the rain,—  
Is there one to share my June  
When the weary winter's gone?  
—Brian Hooker in The Forum.



Lady of uncertain age: "Ah, Ma'ior, we're none of us as young as we were."

Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated): "My dear lady, I'm sure you don't look it!"—Punch.



# SPORTING COMMENT

IT is to wonder if Teddy Roosevelt ever did see strenuous personified before, or since, he began boosting for the strenuous life! In other words, did he ever witness a clash between rival professional lacrosse teams when they were really out to win? If he hasn't been so fortunate he is in the elementary class of the strenuous life bugs, as the players in the N.L.U. this season can give him cards and spades, and then chase him back to the kindergarten to start all over again. Right here in Toronto this summer we have witnessed games that would make big game hunting in Africa as tame in comparison as catching butterflies is to quieting a stampede of longhorns.

OCASIONALLY one does see a quiet, go-easy, sort of no-one-wants-to-hurt-anyone game, but they are as a rule exhibitions, or between teams that are out of the running for the championship.

That was the style of game that the majority of the spectators that ambled toward Rosedale on the holiday expected to see, as there was nothing at stake but the city championship, and an affair of that kind is seldom productive of the real old-time lacrosse, of playing all of the time and all of the way brand. But that's just what was served up by the Tecumsehs and Torontos. They played fast, exciting lacrosse at times; they fought individually and collectively, and they chewed the rag like a lot of schoolboys the rest of the time. The list of casualties was not very large; it might have been worse, from the way jabs and slashes were handed out; but the gate at the next meeting of the teams is sure to be a record one. Any follower of the game that missed Monday's match was looking up the date of the next game on Tuesday morning.

THAT the Shamrocks had a feeling of real affection for the Minto Cup was clearly shown by the manner in which they went after New Westminster's best players in the second game. It is the one best bet that if they of the green shirts had any idea that the Westerners were good enough to repeat, they would have surely got to Alex. Turnbull anyway in the first game.

THOSE boys from the West sure can play the game. 'Tis true, the Tecumsehs put it over them at the Island last Saturday, but the Indians were in the best of trim, while Alex. Turnbull, of the Westerners, was on the hospital list, and some of the others should have been keeping him company. It is going to take somewhat of a lacrosse team to bring that mug back East.

NEARLY every branch of sport boasts of its "grand old man," but this gentleman with the scarcity of hair, Alex. Turnbull, shapes up as the greatest Roman of them all, as it were. A man who, in his 44th year, is credited by an authority like Charlie Querrie as being the best player in the game to-day, makes the veteran baseballists, pugilists, cricketers and oarsmen look foolish, for lacrosse, as a game, is by far the most strenuous of them all.

And this "grand old man" of lacrosse comes out of the second year for the Minto Cup with a face like a Hamburg steak. The Shamrocks sure did want to keep that tinware and got wise to the kingpin all right.

HAMILTON is to do the usual and give Bobby Kerr a rousing reception on his return from England on Monday. The hamlet under the hill has a way of doing these things that other towns would do well to follow, as the Hamilton athletes that have made good, as a rule, stay with the town. Ever stop to think that while the star athletes of other places are moving about to accept better positions, the boys that have brought glory to Hamilton, and incidentally to Canada, generally stay right in Hamilton?

Of course, after his Athens victory, Sherring got just about everything that would have a tendency to make him settle down in the home town, but think of the chances that Caffrey, Carrol, Elliott, Hughson and others of the old brigade had to emigrate when they were making history in the long distance game? Hamilton just about knows how to develop athletes, and how to treat them when they make good. No, Mabel, we are

not going to discuss the Longboat educational fund.

AND the little blond sprinter, as is a sprinter, will get his name on the city's roll of honor along with the cognomens of Caffrey, Sherring, Billy Marshall, Jack Counsell, Sept Dumoulin, and other valiant sons that have brought glory to the vicinity of the Gore.

THE way the Irish-Canadians cleaned up at the different athletic meets in the holiday leads one to think that they are endeavoring as much as possible to lift the gloom that surrounds their dejected chieftain, Tom Flanagan, since the Olympic Marathon. The Irish sure look to be strong for the Fall championships.

HOW in the name of common sense do the various soccer football clubs expect to further the interests of the game when every match played brings an aftermath of letters to newspapers from both sides giving, according to the different writers' way of thinking, good and just reasons why the referee should have been mobbed, why he should have been treated more respectfully, how partial he was, how impartial he was, and all the rest of it? If one sees an account of an association football game these days without an attenuated paragraph announcing that the game has been protested it doesn't seem real. Get together, boys, and play the game on the field.

## The Voyageur.

CAMP—when the sun has barely set?  
Who wants the shore and the camp-fire yet!  
Let your paddles swing once more;  
The clearing lies not far below.  
Our own home-clearing down the river  
Where fields are bright, where birch-trees shiver.  
Like a birch-tree, slim and white,  
There Marie stands and waits to-night.  
I hear her voice, like a sweet bird's note  
That seems to call our lagging boat.  
Camp—when the moon is rising bright,

And rocks and rapids plain to sight!  
Do forest creatures lag and wait  
When they hear a calling mate?  
See that heron sweeping by;  
He has heard his mate's far cry.  
Hear that red buck leaping go;  
He seeks hushed places and his doe.  
On, men, drive your paddles through!  
You have sweethearts calling you.  
These river waters rush for the sake  
Of her who waits them, the fair wood-lake,  
And shall we be more dull than they?  
So, claim your kiss by break o' day!  
—Francis Sterne Palmer, in The Century.

## A Step Toward Aerial Warfare.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, New York, says: A fleet of airships large enough to mount weapons of warfare and numerous enough to dispute with any hostile nation for the supremacy of the newly conquered element—such is the probability of the future.

Air battleships have been projected for fifty years and more; they were dreamed of when man's sole medium through the atmosphere was the unsteerable balloon. But the successful flight of Count Zeppelin recently, who took thirteen passengers aboard his monster dirigible, kept them aloft for twenty-four hours and fulfilled all tests designable, has given the project the assurance that it can be achieved—must be, by every nation that has reason to fear invasion. A fleet of dirigible balloons has become a necessity for the reconnoitring of an

enemy's position; especially as an adjunct to coast defences for the rapid observation, at a safe height, of an approaching fleet.

So confident are army officers that the dirigible balloon has become a necessary arm of the service that it is the intention of the Board of Fortifications to ask Congress for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 in order that experimental work may be begun. The Signal Corps desires to obtain a large dirigible after the style of the French balloon La Patrie.

While the heavier-than-air vessel is capable of swifter speed than the balloon, its far from completed stage of evolution and the dangers attendant on its operation must, it is considered, for some time to come militate against its use for any purposes of practical value. At best it would be limited to carrying small weights at a high rate of speed. The speed of the dirigible balloon, on the other hand, is sufficient for all ordinary purposes, and its large carrying capacity and extended cruising radius render it the only possible medium for warlike operations in the air.

The proposal of the Signal Corps officers is to establish dirigible balloon stations at various points along the coast, such as Boston, Norfolk, and Charleston on the east shore, Mobile on the south, and San Diego, San Francisco and Bremerton on the Pacific, where they would form an invaluable adjunct to coast defence. Now that all the military powers of Europe are building dirigibles, it is held that the United States cannot afford to fall behind.

Contracts have been entered into with American inventors to obtain both dirigibles and aeroplanes, and a thorough trial of these will be made at Fort Myer, Virginia, during the coming fall.

The construction of these air-vessels by all the great powers is a striking commentary upon the action of the Hague Peace Conference, which prohibited the discharge of explosives and projectiles from balloons. This declaration was ratified by the United States Senate on March 12 last, and the United States is practically the only great power which signed it. At the same time the discharge of explosives from balloons has always been considered as against the rules of civilized warfare, even in Europe.

It is claimed that the purpose of these vessels is to observe the movements of the enemy alone; but it is self-evident that if attacked by shell-fire, the occupants of the balloon would use all human endeavor to put the hostile guns out of commission.

## Strange Races of Men.

VARIOUS theories have been advanced as to the original home of the great races of Europe and the East. We know in a general way that the ancestors of the inhabitants of modern Europe migrated from the great plains of Asia; that the same peoples, descending through the passes of the Himalayas, enslaved the aboriginal inhabitants and created the caste system of India. The Japanese are believed to be of mixed Mongol and Malay stock. But here and there, scattered in odd nooks and corners of the world, fragments of forgotten peoples still survive to puzzle ethnologists.

The hairy Ainos of Yezo, the northernmost of the great islands of Japan are an example. These white, bear-worshipping savages, with Caucasian features—how they become wedged into this corner of the Mongol kingdoms!

Another race, the Basques, still subsists on both the Spanish and French sides of the Pyrenees. The Basques are the ethnologists' most perplexing problem. Their language

does not in the least resemble that of any nation in Europe; it has a structural affinity to that of one race alone—the aboriginal Indians of this country. But, should this resemblance be accepted as more than accidental, we are compelled to invent some lost Atlantis, reaching to the borders of Spain, and to look upon the Basque as some descendant of lost tribes of Indians—a grotesque improbability.

Along the slopes of the Atlas Mountains in Morocco dwells a white race, the Berbers, in the midst of the Moorish inhabitants. Many believe them to be descendants of the ancient population that fled when the Arabs overthrew the Romans.

In Southern Africa among the black population, the Hottentots dwell—a yellow race, with eyes slightly oblique and tufted hair. Their origin has never been explained.

What is undoubtedly the most extensive free field for the exclusive use of the ball players in a large city to be found anywhere in the world is located in the Borough of Brooklyn. It is now a part of the park system of Greater New York, and is popularly known as the Parade Ground, consisting of an enclosure of forty acres, rectangular in shape, lying parallel with the southeastern extremity of Prospect Park.

The major part of this mammoth playground is laid out in level, well-kept turf, where baseball and cricket flourish from May to October, and football has its reign during the rest of the year. There is sufficient space for twenty-six "diamonds" for the use of baseball players, and enough left for nine pitches for the cricketers, on which as many regular matches may be played at once. Besides this there is a fine bowling green in the southeastern corner, and a spacious brick pavilion takes up the rest of the strip on the south side, with sixty-five commodious dressing rooms, besides shower baths and every other convenience for the troop of amateur athletes who avail themselves of the hospitality of the metropolis.

Up to the present time over two thousand different clubs have registered as holding permits from the Park Commissioner to play this season. The cricket clubs, while not nearly so numerous, make an attractive showing with their white tents and snowy flannels, and always attract a "gallery."

Amongst the Romans, tennis was an active amusement, not merely as a pastime for youth, but as a relaxation of the gravest, as well as the most distinguished men. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," mentions it as one of the diversions of that prince. Valerius Maximus relates that the celebrated Jurist Scaevola was in the habit of amusing himself with it after the fatigues of the forum; and Plutarch tells us that the very day on which Cato of Utica lost his election to the dignity of Consul, he went as usual to the tennis court, although such days were usually passed in mourning by the unsuccessful candidates and their friends. Maccenas is also mentioned as fond of this game. Pliny the younger alludes to it, and it was so much in fashion that few country houses were without a tennis court attached to them. In Rome itself the public courts were numerous. But the game does not appear to have been played, like modern tennis, with a racquet, but with a gauntlet, a difference almost as significant as that between the modern boxing-glove and the ancient cestus.

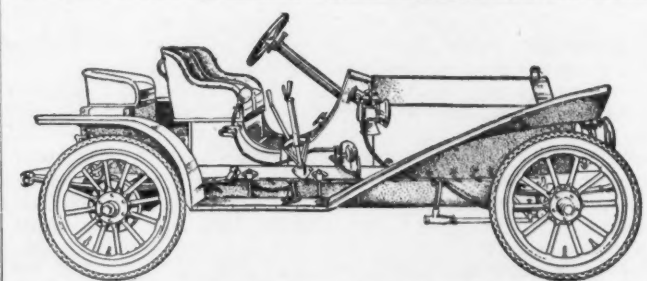
WEST AFRICA is to have ice-cream. A new industry in the form of an ice and ice-cream manufactory has been started in Monrovia under the proprietorship of one of the attaches to the Liberian commission now visiting the United States. The machine (says Harper's Weekly), is of American manufacture and has a capacity of one ton. It turns out 500 pounds of ice and ten gallons of ice-cream daily. It is principally an ice-cream machine, but ice is such a rarity that the projector decided to experiment in its manufacture. This is the first effort of its kind in Liberia, and the demand for ice, especially for fever-stricken subjects, influenced the experiment. The manager declares that the result has been encouraging, and will lead to the ultimate enlargement of the plant, with a cold storage attached. This enterprise has filled a long-felt need in Monrovia, especially among the invalids of foreign birth. The price of ice at present is four cents per pound, and the price of ice-cream per gallon is \$2.40. Under the circumstances this luxury is such a treat in this tropical region that nobody ever stops to consider the price.

"She has a small waist, hasn't she?" "Too small. Why the pleasure of getting around it only lasts about a second."—Life.



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## To a Caterpillar

SAY, plush-clad pilgrim of that motley band  
Who gaily flaunt their furs though summer's sheen,  
Hast fled from some far ice-bound fairland,  
To escape the hunters of some Elf-Queen,  
Who coveted the pelt upon thy back  
To fashion for herself a near-seal sacque?

Friendless thou journeyest through an alien land,  
With none to cheer, or pat thee on the head,  
Thou yearn'st for sympathy, and yet no hand  
Protects thine innocence, or smooths thy bed.  
Thy shy advances o'er My Lady's neck  
Meet rude repulses and remorseless check.

I watch the wandering way thou dost pursue  
O'er leaf and flower, all aimless and forlorn,  
Now poised on some red rose peak in the dew,  
Braving the tortuous barriers of thorn.  
Seek'st thou a far-off home of long ago,  
Where thou didst dwell, a Bug-land Eskimo?  
Lippincott's Magazine.

## MUSKOKA AND GEORGIAN BAY.

The new Canadian Pacific line between Toronto and Sudbury has opened up a wonderful tract of outlying country, ideal for camping, fishing, canoeing, etc. The more established resorts of Muskoka and Georgian Bay are brought nearer to Toronto than ever. For the first time the French and Fickler rivers are reached by rail, and it is safe to say no district in the Dominion offers surer reward to the fisherman, in addition to being a wild and picturesque camping ground. C. P. R. agents will supply illustrated folders, giving splendid maps.

Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife who exclaimed: "She said I wasn't a loidy, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter."—Argonaut.

Chopin hated playing at social festivities. To a lady who, after the dinner, asked him to play he melancholically answered: "Is it really necessary. I only ate so little."—Argonaut.

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin? Spaulow—No; but I have been ever since we were married.—Boston Globe.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."—The Reporter.

"If I were you," said the old bachelor to the benedict, "I'd either rule or know why." "Well," was the reply, "as I already know why, I suppose that's half the battle!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Faddist Visitor—Are you allowed in this prison any exercise beneficial for your health? Convict—Oh, yes, ma'am. By advice of my counsel I have been skipping the rope.—Baltimore American.



PADDLING HOME ON FRENCH RIVER.



# RIVER OF THE WAITING SILENCE

By MANGEUR DE LARD

THESE are six ways of spelling Muskulunge's name, but only one way to catch him. At least, there is only one sporting way. This story tells how we caught one of these water-wolves and some black bass in the French River.

The trip was planned in the cool and bright calm of a Northern Ontario Summer evening, while we sat at whiskey in the hotel at Huntsville, Muskoka, which is one of the places you get off at if you want trout. There were three of us. I had just come out from a lake that is not mentioned in the geography books or the railroad folders. The truth about the fishing in that lake is stranger than the most romantic inventions. Sundown had just come out from Hollow Lake, which is inhabited by grey trout that are colossi among their kind. The Tough Youth, with arms and face charred by the sun, had arrived from somewhere. He was shoe-packed and his mackinaw trousers had been staged off at the knees—with an axe, he said. He was smoking black chewing tobacco, and the eager flies could not bite him.

The Drive was in town, and owing to the buoyancy of the Huntsville whiskey a violent and romantic eruption was going on. In the elemental brains of the strong, vivacious rivermen, the simple wish to have a good time was whirling. Joyous yells and other kinds of noise came in through the open window. We heeded not the picturesque entertainment, but conspired over the whiskey against the lives of some of the French River muskulunge and black bass. We were tired of trout fishing.

The morning mist peeled off forest-coated Nipissing; the great grinning sun shot up, like the turning up of a lamp wick, and the lake was swept with light. With a shout from her whistle the steamer kicked herself away from the dock at North Bay and plodded across the spreading lake to the head of the French River.

The faded tug-boat labored through a flock of spruce-covered islands into the wide mouth of the River of Waiting Silence. After the big dogs made this river they tossed a handful of islands into it here and there. Since that part of the world was violently born, I don't think there has been any change in the French River. And the thoughtful silences that home in the forest shadows make the world seem very old. The primitive forest presses the weight of its calm and solemn personality upon your mind if you are reflective. It has seen things done which have passed into legend and tradition, and waits in its immense solemn patience for the events that are locked up in the future. It has seen the eager canoes of great explorers here, and the birch brigades of the fur companies; in the past the French River has been a highway of the picturesque and romantic.

As we sweated across the Chaudiere portage in the burning sun rays, velvet-footed in our shoe-packs, the white-throats, hidden in their cozy shadows, filled the air with their long, clear whistling which makes you think of the reed flute of Pan. The steel sky had shut down upon the forest world a vast lid of heat which it would lift at night to let in the cool stars.

The long basswood crept up the river from the putting-in place. The dry air smelt strong of the pine, and the woods were haunted by things that stirred and twittered and piped. Other things swam in V-shaped ripples and faded into hiding ahead of the stealthy canoe. The bass thrust their bronze-brown snouts above the indigo water. A bay-red squirrel looped his way from branch to branch of the shore-side spruces. We twisted through fairy packs of islands, and the long stretches of still water were broken by eager rapids that, chafed between rusty boulders. Heavy-winged black ducks rose when they heard the scuffle of the paddles, and hid among the islands. A pair of loons slanted up into the golden air and circled above the forest, peaking their eldritch neighing. Once, when the narrowing stream bent around a curving bank, a red deer leaped from a deep amber shadow and ploughed across the river in a trough of foam.

The incessant paddles flashed and crumpled the water; the forest of mystery and romance slipped by solemnly marching; the freshness of balsam grew stronger in our nostrils as the air cooled.

While Sundown and the Tough Youth were making camp that night I shoved the canoe into a deep pool like a pot of devil's ink stirred slowly by an unwhirling eddy, to see if anything homed in its snow-cold depths. We had the spruce hunger and wanted fish for supper. I had caught four little craw-fish and they were clinging with dumb interest to my hair inside my hat. Standing in the canoe, I

stuck one of them on my hook and threw the line over the gunwale. It sank ten feet into the blue ink and then a strong-finned bass, with sporting tendencies, tried to drag it down deeper. I struck quickly, the reel shrilled its heart-stirring song and the good rod bent.

The black bass is a sportsman, the gamest thing that swims. The trout is a fighter, but he hasn't got as much vitality as the black bass. He'll quit quicker.

Three or four excitement-filled minutes and my fish shot into the air in a flying leap. I saw his sun-bright bronze-black back and his silver belly in a camera-shutter flash. My heart thrilled as I saw that he was a three-pounder at least. Again and again I checked his swift rushes with the reel. At last, his energy abated; I brought him up to the canoe and with a quick movement lifted him over the gunwale.

A flame of elation heated me as I looked at the splendid fish. As long as I can have such sport, I will never grow old, or at least, age will not chill my interest in the game of life. Men who do not hunt or fish, to whom the spruce wilderness is a guessed-at world, may grow old, but the out-of-doors man has the secret of eternal youth.

In an ecstasy of anticipation, I tugged another craw-fish from my hair, and ten minutes later another bronze and silver haunter of the pool lay in the bottom of the canoe. A royal pair indeed, and enough for supper.

When I reached camp the tent was stretched, balsam boughs cut and beds made, and the smudge pail was smoking inside. Sundown had built a small fire and was making a successful flap-jack in the fry-pan, the red light staining his rusty old face as he crouched low over the fire like an Indian. I fried my fish in cornmeal and olive oil, we boiled the tea water, and ate. In the woods eating is almost a religious rite. The scent of the wood-balsam, and the muscle work in the open air raise a wolf-hunger which is almost an emotion. Before you have been on the spruce-land trail very long you will, if you have a healthy stomach, look forward to your meals with more pleasure and eat them with greater satisfaction than anything else in the routine of life can give you. You will be hungry all the time, and you will restrain yourself from eating too much only to save your self-respect.

The wild and lonely spot where camp was made had all the primeval savage beauty of the northern wilderness. The tent was stretched in a little natural clearing locked in from all the world by a half circle of spruce-shrouded hills. Between the hills and the beach of silver sand knelt pictured cliffs of ore, with their knees in a green thickness of wild raspberry bushes. Their vertical faces were stained with all the unnamed colors of geological chemistry. In front of the camp the river was filled with blue-gray granite islands, red with the wine stains of iron oxides and patched with clots of silver-white and dulled copper lichens. Upon these islands homed starved spruce with their anchor roots thrust deep into the crevices. From a narrow canyon, like a knife cut between two cliffs, poured a little river of snow-cold water. The elfish flowers of the turtle-head, with their quaint mouths half open, the blue flags of the *fleur de lis*, and the pink-flowered Joe Pye weed, grew beside the creek. In the warm-smelling cedar shadows on the edges of the pine forest glimmered the pyrola. The forest environs were citizenized by birds. Many bright kinds of warblers, never still, shuttled in and out of the lights and shadows along the branches of a fringe of little white cedars. A nervous flock of cross-bills fed busily where our supper had been eaten, whirring every few moments into the air as if alarmed, and settling again in a little cloud a moment later on the same spot. As the sun, cooling to dull gold, drew down through the river gorge, the veery chanted her evensong, a long, low perspective of sound, a white-throat, half asleep on her bough, dreamed a tiny dream and set it to silver music, and from the tall still aisles of the farther forest vibrated the golden phrase of the reticent hermit. Here the great rough shafts of white pines stood thickly in the forest. The brown-red trunks stood up straight and tall in long colonnades, like pillars holding up the roof of a mighty temple of an elemental paganism. Huge blocks of lichen stone were set about as if for sacrificial altars. The cathedral gloom carried the similitude still farther.

On dancing feet the burnt-gold sun ran down and lit a goblin bonfire on the great hearth of the horizon. As the sun-fire burned down the sky was

a magic palette of color. We sat smoking beside our fire while the long afterglow faded. We were in the sway of that intoxication the forest has for the man who will let it take possession of his soul and we breathed deep content while the soft dusk deepened shade by shade and the camp-fire shadows jumped strangely against the black stockade of the woods.

"Half a mile below here," said old Sundown, "the river widens into a lake 'bout a mile wide and two miles long. Let's go down there and see if we can see anything, son. The Indian'll stay and watch camp."

So we left the Tough Youth smoking his chewing tobacco beside the fire and crept into the canoe. As silently as a tree shadow stretching toward the east as the sun drops down the western grade, the canoe stole away. The quiet-colored, warm night drew unobtrusively around us. As we ventured deeper into the tremendous wilderness the waiting silences seemed a threat, and we felt a shivery sense of dread. Soon arose the mysterious noises of the night, strange crepitations, breathings and conferrings, sinister, disquieting, clandestine, having the flavor of conspiracy. For a long time there was no light but the silver dust of the star-shine, then over a ridge that pushed its back-bone above the ragged forest came a staining of wine, and a great ochre-red moon cautiously lifted, slowly topping the rough-backed ridge.

Swimming in an utter vacuum of silence the canoe entered the little lake, which was strewn in the centre with the silver coin of the moonlight, but bordered with a wide band of unfeatured blackness, the night-colored replica of the pines and their deep, uncolored replica laid upon the water like pigment.

Into this shadow oblivion Sundown swung the canoe threddling it through myriad-stemmed wild rice and leathery lily pads. A blue crane, the lake scout, kwaaked unseen, and the many throated bellowing of the frogs ran round the shore.

When we had girded the lake and sent three deer crashing from their drinking places, Sundown swung the canoe out into the moonlight again. The tawny moon went higher and hung high among the abounding stars, and the night gained in grandeur and strangeness. We laid the paddles softly across the gunwales and sat motionless. The night's magic crept into our hearts as the splendid calm enveloped us. The water lost its individuality, when the sense of motion was taken away. We seemed to hang in a huge width of atmospheric space. Of all the things that have power to charm the souls of men, the moon has the strongest spell.

The lake was a blur of snow surrounded by a darkness of trees. The sky was a violet roof pinned up by the steel stars. The horizon seemed to contract around us, and we had an imprisoned feeling. The sky seemed to crouch down towards us.

Suddenly we heard a great water-slopping and splashing sound which turned our eyes toward the middle of the lake in time to see a huge fish turn over with a silver flash, wallowing on the surface.

Instantly we came back from fairyland to earth and the delicious excitement which is a part of the siren lure of the woods pounded up in us.

"By spruce and pine," swore I—only I used stronger words—"I'll eat my shoe-packs if he isn't a twenty pounder!"

Sundown was shooting the canoe toward the monster's playground. "He sure is as big as a saw-log," said Sundown. "My big reel with the copper line is under the bow deck. Get it out, son. There's a big spoon bait on it. We'll see if he won't take it. By James, if he does, we'll have a busy time for a while."

I threw out the formidable bait with its heavy hooks, and the copper line followed it like a gold thread in the moonshine. Joy beat in my heart as I felt a vicious tug on the wire in a minute.

"Got him?" shouted old Sundown, his voice vibrant with excitement. "Then look out for hell!"

The big reel whirled like a dynamo, as the line flashed out. The short trolling rod was strong and the wire line was unbreakable, yet I was afraid to try to stop the first frantic rush of the giant fish, and he towed the canoe two hundred yards. Then he sprang half out of the water, and we saw how big he was. Then he swept in a wide circle around the canoe, and I got about twenty feet of line. Again he came to the surface in a furrow of foam, arching his bronze back above the water and shaking his wicked head with its long wolf snout, and if he had not been dumb he would have howled with fury. Then, diving, he raced away the length of the line, turned, and darted back. Sundown paddled with strong-wristed skill, half standing in the stern, shouting eager advice to me. The water-wolf made shorter rushes now, and I got about half the length of the line.

We knew we could not get the big

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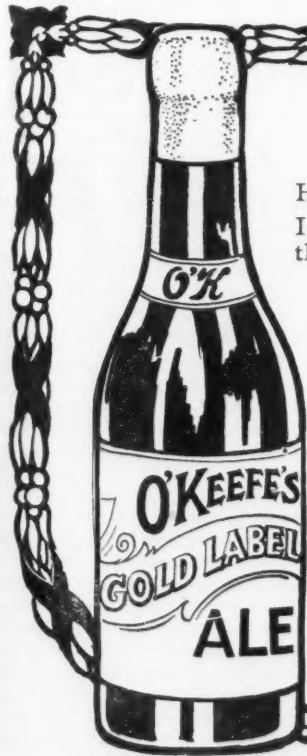
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28

fish into the canoe. "We'll land," said Sundown, "and drag him out on the beach." He shoved the canoe towards the shore, towing the fish, which sulked. A smoky film of cloud had spread over the sky and the moon hung red and dim, a crimson coal in the rusty smudge. Revolution by revolution I reeled in the wire, tugging the fish as if he were a water-soaked log. We were close to a strip of sandy beach before the monster stirred at the end of the wire, rose with a great heave to the surface, twisting his lean shape and rolling in a wallow of yeast. Suddenly he dove again, and the reel screamed.

This was his last rush. The canoe grounded within a minute. I jumped ashore with the rod and reeled him in. Sundown killed him with his paddle. He died game, crumpling his long body on the sand.—From *Out-door Canada* for July.

Farmer Barker—I want to get a present to take back to my wife on the farm. Elegant Clerk—How would she like a pie knife? Farmer Barker—Good land, young man! Aint you never been told you mustn't eat pie with no knife?—New York Times.

Country Editor (out West)—This has been a lucky day for me. Faithful Wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription? Editor—Well, n-o, it wasn't as lucky as that; but I was shot at and missed.—New York Weekly.

### DUTIES OF RECEIVERS.

A CAREFUL INVESTIGATION OF ALL NEGOTIABLE PAPER.

A receiver when appointed by the court to take charge of a company's business, investigates first of all the paper held by the company. Its bills receivable account is closely scrutinized and the important notes are selected as a basis for the calculation of the firm's assets. The receiver, therefore, has something in common with the Melodant in the Angelus piano-player, a device which selects all the important notes in a composition and emphasizes them. When the music goes into liquidation, as it were, the Melodant sets to work to find out whether or no his composition has sufficient melody to allow it to do business as a respectable classic. This is a part of the complete piano technique which the Angelus supplies. Anyone can play the piano with the aid of the Angelus. But the more musical the performer the finer will be the result. The Angelus is supplied with a Phrasing lever which instantaneously controls the speed of the music-roll. By the proper manipulation of this lever it is possible to phrase with all the accuracy and taste of a virtuoso pianist. Every means of expression common to the pianist can be secured on the Angelus. And this magnificent player is sold in Canada as an interior part of the Gourlay Piano. No better instrument is made in this country, so that

the combination is notable. The firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming will be glad to show it to those interested. Visit the waterrooms on Yonge street.

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Judge—Have you been arrested before? Prisoner—No, sir. Judge—Have you been in this court before? Prisoner—No, sir. Judge—Are you certain? Prisoner—I am, sir. Judge—Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before? Prisoner—I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Grubb—I hear your last novel has already appeared in its sixth edition. How did you manage to become so phenomenally popular? Scrubb—Very simple. I put a "personal" in the papers saying that I was looking for a wife who is something like the heroine of my novel. Within two days the first edition was sold out.—Tit-Bits.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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## !- POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE -!

### ONE PLACE WHERE IT WAS COOL.

IN order to allow citizens of this town to cool themselves in the parched spell by the influence of suggestion last week, one of the editors of The Telegram sent a staff artist, who uses the camera also, down to a storage warehouse to secure a picture of an interior sparkling with frost-rimmed brine pipes, and showing employees clad in mitts and overcoats.

The camera man was Barney Gloster. He found his way, under escort, to a room where three below zero was the registered temperature, and he had to rub his hands several times while training his camera on the scene.

When he had got the picture the employees moved away. The photographer was busy with his machine, and did not notice they were gone till he heard a metal door slam. Then every light in the room was switched off, leaving him in darkness, and in a literally more than freezing temperature. Not the slightest sound penetrated the room, and the photographer jumped at the door and made music with his voice and his fists till finally a man came and opened up. The camera man made haste to get on the street, where 92 degrees in the shade was registered.

### THREE OF A KIND.

THE recent death of Henry Codman Potter, Anglican Bishop of Western New York, recalls a story which he told me himself. Bishop Potter could not stand the climate of New York in February and March, so he always went away, generally across the Atlantic. But one winter he went to Mexico, and that is where he told me this story:

He was in the smoke-room of a Pullman car, smoking (as was his wont) a Pittsburg "stogie," the kind that our own R. K. has immortalized in "Captains Courageous." Opposite sat a drummer, an American C. T.—you know the type. The Bishop, always awake to his surroundings, said to his neighbor, as they neared New Orleans:

"Do you raise pears in Louisiana?"

To which the C. T. calmly replied, "No, sir; unless we have three of a kind."

### INTERESTING RESIDENT OF A DECAYED TOWN.

THE thousands who travel on the Niagara River steamers may have noticed on the wharf at Queenston, on the arrival and departure of all vessels, he it early in the morning or late at night, an old gentleman with clean-shaven upper lip and beard trimmed after the style of the "memorabilia of Abraham Lincoln." For years the same interesting figure has been on the wharf with a bright and cheery greeting for acquaintances, never seemingly growing older, in touch with what everyone is doing, and on all the political topics of the day. He is Mr. George Prest, collector of customs at Queenston, and literally the oldest inhabitant of the oldest settled district in what used to be known as Canada West.

He has seen Queenston decline from one of the most important shipping points on the lakes to a hamlet so sleepy and rural that two years ago the telegraph companies decided to close their offices there because in Queenston nobody ever thinks of sending a telegram and the advent of one by messenger or long distance phone from Niagara Falls is an event as important as the arrival of the steamers.

It is apparent that new countries, as well as old, have their decaying towns, and the picturesque decline of this once important place, whose environs were once a battlefield, is no evidence of the decay of Ontario, for all about are fruit farmers making incomes that would seem beyond the dreams of avarice to most of the farmers of the more northern districts of Ontario. It is simply that the Welland Canal and the development of railroad facilities long ago sidetracked Queenston, and were it not that it is the last deep water port below the Falls on the

Niagara River and affords dockage for excursion steamers with a trolley line connection it would no doubt have reverted into farm land.

### WHEN QUEENSTON WAS BUSY.

IT is interesting to hear Mr. Prest tell about it. He was born in 1826 and came to Queenston by steamer from England in 1831. It took five weeks to come from England to Quebec by sailing vessel, and another six weeks to come by the primitive steamers of the day from Quebec to Queenston. His family did not come as farmers, but as mechanics, and Queenston was then a promising point for those in such a calling.

"I remember well on Christmas day, 1837, walking to Chippewa to get a look at the rebels on Navy Island," said Mr. Prest to a correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT the other day. "I was then nearly twelve years old. The same day I saw from the heights seven British steamers at anchor on the river loaded with munitions of war. The battle of Queenston Heights had been fought only twenty-five years before, and the feeling between the Americans and British was not so friendly then as it is now. It was thought that another attempt to seize Canada would result from the action of the rebels.

"The post office here is now run by one girl, but I can remember when a postmaster and eighteen clerks would be busily employed sorting mail on the day that the packet would arrive. You see Queenston was the last shipping point on Lake Ontario and goods and mails for all the Lake Erie district had to be teamed over the heights to Chippewa above the Falls, or went out on the Hamilton stage, which arrived and departed every fifteen minutes during the season of navigation. I have seen three loaded wagons bearing only mail climb the hill from the wharf to where the post office stood."

The old gentleman then pointed out the large tangled patch of brambles and wild plum trees at the river's edge near the wharf which the trolley cars circle before they climb the heights. It bears every appearance of a deserted garden, but according to Mr. Prest it was a commercial depot before nature reclaimed it. "I can remember when three great storehouses for the transshipment of goods stood there," he said, "and when eleven hotels in a row crowned the crest of the hill below the heights."

Mr. Prest pointed to a deep gully that divides the cliff on the Lewiston side of the shore, and which is supposed to have been the point from which the Americans crossed in 1812. "Over there," he said, "there used to be a very wide wagon ferry on scows between the American and Canadian shore. Lewiston and Queenston lay on the natural route of settlers crossing New York State for Michigan, and Michigan was largely settled by parties that came across that ferry. One day I saw three hundred of the covered wagons with stovepipes in them, that afterwards came to be known as 'prairie schooners,' cross the ferry in succession. They were hours in coming across. Another lad and myself looked into one wagon that was bigger than the rest. A girl looked out and saw us and called out: 'Why, maw, they're just like us.' She had evidently expected to see savages."

Another memory of the aged collector of customs is one of having raced another lad across the old Suspension bridge on the day it was opened to see which could boast of having been the first to cross it. They brought the lines and ran ahead of the engineers who were testing the bridge and paid no attention to orders to come back. What interests Mr. Prest deeply is the growth of interest in historical spots that has grown up in the past twenty years. He and all his neighbors years ago spaded up in their gardens old military buttons, fragments of weapons, arrow heads, and all sorts of relics of one of the historic localities of the continent and thought little of them. He knew Laura Secord and her husband when they lived in Queenston many years after the courageous exploit for which she was famous, and no fuss was made about it. In fact, it is only after they have repaired the ravages of war that people commence to get sentimental about it.

### LORD ROBERTS IN OTTAWA.

FIVE thousand Ottawans fought for standing room at the Central Station on Sunday afternoon, when the Canadian Pacific westbound transcontinental train from Montreal, bearing Lord Roberts, pulled into the depot. A decided lull reigned over the vast assemblage as the private car, "Metapedia," was slowly backed alongside the platform, befittingly decorated for the occasion. The interest was for the moment intense, as the car came to a standstill. An air of expectancy prevailed over all. People held their breaths and strained every nerve, eagerly watching for a glimpse of the great general. There was a pause, and Lady Aileen, smiling, came out of the car, followed by Capt. and Lady Dawney. Then a trim little man, attired in a grey suit, and wearing an Indian topee, as his headgear, came out from the car vestibule. There was no mistaking his identity. Those who had ever seen his portrait knew in an instant that he was none other than the famous little "Bobs," and the pent up enthusiasm at once gave vent in one continuous outburst of cheering. As he stepped upon the platform, Capt. Newton, A.D.C., representing his Excellency, and Controller Hopewell, acting mayor, grasped the hand of the distinguished soldier and informally welcomed him to the city.

He immediately entered the carriage in waiting. As it started through the throng, an incident occurred that marks one of the many human little acts by which the noble hero of Kandahar and Pretoria has endeared himself to the hearts of the English people. Two young ladies, armed with cameras, stepped out from the line that swarmed on either side, directly in front of the carriage, in an endeavor to secure a snapshot. Noticing them, Lord Roberts motioned the carriage to pause for a moment, and smiled, while "click" went their cameras. The act, although only a simple one, is characteristic of this great "little" man of valor, the idol of the nation and whose name is a household word throughout the length and breadth of Britain's domains. "Oh, thank you, Lord Rob-



FISHING AT PINE RIVER.



AT THE LAMBTON TOURNAMENT.

Mr. C. C. James and Mr. C. H. Pringle.

erts," they exclaimed, as the carriage proceeded on its way. The incident will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, and two young ladies will at least feel highly honored at the treasure they have obtained, as a memento of the grand old veteran soldier's visit to Canada.

Spontaneous cheering continued along the route, as the carriage passed from the station to Little Sussex street, which was lined with people, and repeatedly "Bobs" doffed his helmet in acknowledgement.

The Capital City had truly caught the patriotic spirit and entered into it with a true zealotry. As the carriage rolled away beyond the crowd, on its way to Government House, people gave chase on bicycles, while others boarded passing street cars, going in the same direction, and which were taxed to their utmost capacity, the occupants standing up as they were whirled by the carriage, all anxious to get a look at the honored field-marshal of the British Army. They saw a little man, with a firm but radiant countenance, with hair and moustache grey from advancing years. A man with a distinct erectness of bearing, and over whose features hovered a kindly smile, behind which could be seen the trace lines of arduous responsibility and intensity of purpose, which all through his wonderful career have marked the decisiveness of his actions.

Such was "Bobs" as we saw him.

### LORD ROBERTS' COLLAPSE.

TO those who had an opportunity of observing Lord Roberts at Quebec the fact that he broke down under the strain of the public receptions tendered him will not come as an absolute surprise. His desire to keep in the background as much as possible and figure only as the mere spectator was obvious throughout his stay in Quebec. At one of the few functions in which he did figure in a public capacity, at the celebration in front of the statue of Champlain, when he was in personal attendance on the Prince of Wales, it was plain to close observers that he was suffering intensely from the heat; and, in a manner that passed almost unnoticed, the other officers in attendance gave him a seat behind the Prince's throne chair, where unseen by the crowd he could lean forward with his forehead in his hands. To those who observed it, it was one of the pathetic episodes of the Tercentenary. Lord Roberts, indeed, looked his happiest when strolling about in a soft grey hat unobserved, or when going quietly in civilian attire, equally unnoticed, to some function. Those in charge of the Toronto celebration had not intended to overload him with social obligations, and it will always be regrettable that he could not have made a little trip through Canada before the ordeal of the Tercentenary was thrust upon him.

### THE MYSTERIES OF SIGNALLING.

AMONG the myriad of sights which interested the visitors to Quebec during the Tercentenary celebrations there was one which engaged, from time to time, the attention of spectators on the street. This was the signalling from the roof of the court house. It was supposed that the signalling officers were communicating with warships, but in reality they were engaged in the more difficult task of talking to the militia camps at Levis and Savard Park.

The method which seemed most picturesque to the onlooker on the street below was the flag-signalling, which was by far the most cumbersome and was only resorted to when the heliograph could not be used, and when the confusion arising from the many wireless telegraphic stations on the river and on the war vessels made the flag signal the more expeditious.

It is interesting to note that the signalling work was entirely in charge of a Canadian, Capt. F. A. Lister, a son of Mr. Justice Lister, who took an expert course in the work at Aldershot. Capt. Lister still believes that, weather conditions being favorable, the heliograph, so mysterious to the lay mind, is the best of all systems in vogue.

### HISTORIC DESK.

A DESK came recently into the possession of the Historical Society at Knowlton upon which was a silver plate bearing the inscription "Major De Courcy, 70th Regiment." The society wrote to the Montreal Gazette, requesting that any reader of that journal who could give any information concerning the desk or its former owner should do so. It devolved upon Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, to disclose the identity of the owner of the desk in the following interesting letter:

"I have discovered the name of the former owner of the Knowlton desk. It was the Honorable Gerald De Courcy, who, according to Burke, was the fourth son of John, twenty-sixth Baron of Kingsale. He married, in 1809, Elizabeth Carlyon, daughter of John Bishop, Esq., and by her had an only son, John Fitzroy, who became thirty-first Baron of Kingsale, enjoying with the title the hereditary privilege (granted by King John to De Courcy, Earl of Ulster), of wearing his hat in the Royal presence. The Honorable Gerald De Courcy, it would appear from an army list for 1813, now in my possession, became a captain in the 70th (or Glasgow Lowland) Regiment of Foot, July 24, 1804; he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and died in October, 1848. According to the Quebec Almanac, for 1815, the 70th Regiment served in Canada during the campaign of 1812-14, and the Honorable Gerald De Courcy was the junior major of the

regiment at that period. The regiment was still here in 1820, according to the Almanac for that year, but De Courcy by that time had left it. You may remember that Thomas Scott, a brother of the great Sir Walter, was the paymaster of this regiment, and died while it was stationed at Quebec. His tombstone may still be seen in that city. Thomas Evans, afterwards General Evans, a name well-known throughout Lower Canada, succeeded De Courcy as major of the 70th. Another famous name intimately associated with this corps was that of Lewis Edward Nolan, the ill-fated captain of the 15th Hussars, who, at Balaclava, carried the order which, owing to a misunderstanding, resulted in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, and was shot while endeavoring to divert the brigade. His father, Babington Nolan, held a captaincy in the 70th while they were in this country, and young Nolan first saw the light while the regiment occupied the Old Fort at York, now Toronto."

### THE OFFICER WAS QUITE ANNOYED.

THE representative of one of Toronto's morning papers at the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations discovered that all British officers are not thin red heroes. In his endeavor to learn the hour of a certain military event he approached a gorgeous looking man in uniform, with a monocle of most aggressive type in his eye. The officer was standing outside a tent, and seemed to be a person of consequence; and seeing that he was not busily engaged with anything more serious than a cigarette, the Toronto newspaper man approached, and said very politely:

"Excuse me, but could you tell me the hour of the tattoo this evening?"

If the gorgeous gentleman heard he paid no attention whatever to the man from Toronto, who repeated his question.

Turning stiffly and adjusting his monocle, the uniformed one stared at the interrogator, and said in icy but high-bred tones:

"Cawn't you go away? Cawn't you see we're at mess?"

Calling an orderly he directed that the person be removed, and the newspaperman, seeing that this consecrated ground was no place for a native Canadian, withdrew without having his question answered.

### DISCOVERERS OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN MECCAS.

ANY a Canadian, yes, Englishman and American, during the hot days of July and August, go up to Banff to cool off after torrid experiences on the prairie. In this land of pure delight the hot springs and cave are never-ending sources of health and pleasure. Claims have been made on behalf of different persons as discoverers of these two far-famed spots. Perhaps the following will shed a little light on the question:

One morning in July last, as the Prince Albert train was loading passengers and express for the north at Regina, three persons, Alex. Mutch, a big farmer and Clydesdale breeder, of Lumsden, Sask.; Agriculturalist J. H. Grisdale, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and the writer were in conversation. The talk turned to Banff, and Mutch related the following:

"My brother and I were working in a tie camp on the C.P.R. construction in that locality in 1883, and one Sunday we took a walk of several miles up the track and stopped for a drink at a spring, when George called to me, 'Come here and taste this water, it's red hot.' It was water from the sulphur spring.

"About the same date, a short distance further up the line, one Archie McPhail, a stalwart Scotchman, was working on the line (Archie is now a prosperous farmer and breeder of Clydesdales near Brandon, Man.). He had noticed in the winter mornings that steam could be seen rising from the cave mouth, so he investigated—put in a pole down which the men could slide to bathe. Some months after it was noted that the discovery of the spring and cave was published in copies of newspapers which found entrance to the construction camps at that time, without, however, any mention as to the identity of the discoverers. Credit may be slow in coming, but the story as related above will be a tardy contribution to the fund."

### GETTING BACK AT AN INTERRUPTER.

AT the recent provincial elections, among the new members chosen as followers of Mr. Whitney, was Mr. J. W. Johnson, of Belleville. He has long been a prominent figure on political platforms in that section of Ontario, and has devoted considerable study to the finances of the province and the Dominion. Mr. Johnson was mayor of Belleville for four terms, and for over a quarter of a century has been at the head of a business college in that city. He is a former president of the Chartered Accountants of the province. In the opera house, Trenton, one night in the thick of a campaign in West Hastings, he was severely criticizing the fiscal policy of the Federal government, and dealing with some heavy items of expenditure.

Mr. Johnson has a rather ponderous style of delivery, and, on this particular occasion, was in no mood to brook interruption, when suddenly a voice from the gallery piped out: "You don't know what you're talking about."

The speaker stopped suddenly, and glaring at the fresh young man, who had been guilty of voicing his opinion unasked, said calmly, but most pointedly: "My dear fellow; I am here this evening loaded for bear and have no time to stop and skin a skunk." The big audience laughed until its sides were sore and the fresh elector, who had been the target of the shot, hastily made his way out of the building.

### THE HECKLER AGAIN.

WHEN a provincial campaign was in progress in East Hastings some years ago, the Liberal candidate was Mr. Nathaniel Vermilyea, who had been reeve of Thurlow township and also warden of the county. He was speaking in the village of Canifiton one night, when a hot-headed young man in the back of the hall started to hiss.

Mr. Vermilyea looked in the direction from which the sibilant sound was proceeding, and gazing at the culprit said with emphasis: "Gentlemen, there are three things in this world that hiss—a snake, a fool, and a goose. Will the young man who just interrupted the meeting please stand up in order that the audience may judge which of the three he is?"

Needless to add, there were no more interruptions for the remainder of the evening, and the incident was not soon forgotten.

When the Denver Convention turned the hands of the clock back before nominating Bryan did it wish to signify that he is a man of yesterday, not of to-day?—Indianapolis Star.

"Changeless change" is the title of a recently published sonnet. It sounds suspiciously like a counterfeit 10-cent piece.—Chicago Record-Herald.



# THE WESTERNERS PLAY TO WIN

Story of Contest by New Westminster Lacrosse Team to Win the Minto Cup and Championship of the World.

THE New Westminster lacrosse team, the new world's champions, holders of the Minto Cup, the pride of British Columbia in general and the Royal City in particular, have been spending a delightful week with their numerous friends in Toronto. They are a jubilant party, having at last won the prize which they have sought for many years.

They played two games with the Montreal Shamrocks, the Eastern champions and Minto Cup defenders, it having been agreed that the team securing the majority of goals should take the trophy. The Westerners won the first by 6-5, and the second by 6-2, giving them a total majority of five. The defeat was undoubtedly a severe blow to the Shamrocks, who had hitherto been considered unbeatable, especially when there was so much at stake. Their present standing in the N.L.U. series, however, would show that they are not playing up to the form displayed in former years. The New Westminster team were in perfect condition, and the attacks of the speedy home, generalised by that peerless player, Alex. Turnbull, were too much for the Irishmen. On the other hand, the challengers' defence proved to be almost impregnable. It was a signal triumph for the West over the East—all the more so, when it is taken into consideration that the victors are purely amateurs.

The persistency of the Royal City team and their supporters in their efforts to win the Minto Cup is characteristic of the Western people. Twice had they tripped to Montreal on such a mission, and, ever hopeful, they were splendidly rewarded in the third trip, for the grand prize now occupies a conspicuous corner in their private car on the return journey.

It might be mentioned that the New Westminsterers have always considered that they were unfairly treated by the trustees in charge of the trophy, originally presented by Lord Minto, in 1901, when Governor-General of Canada, to be held by the lacrosse champions of the Dominion. The Westerners toured the Eastern cities the summer it was presented, and one after another, in two weeks' time, defeated the Quebecs, Shamrocks, Montrealers, Nationals, Capitals, Tecumsehs, and played a tie with the Torontos. After having made such a magnificent showing, they naturally considered that they



THE MINTO CUP.

Presented by Lord Minto as a Lacrosse Championship trophy, and now held by New Westminster, B.C.

in the city clubs, where they learn thoroughly all the fine points of the game. The New Westminster seniors have been champions of British Columbia for eleven years, with no very dangerous opponents at any time. At the Provincial Exhibition, held in that city, lacrosse is the main attraction, and the best team in Eastern Canada is secured annually to play the home team; but one after another they have all fallen by the wayside with unceasing regularity. The Westerners are always in perfect condition, and from youth they are trained to "play to win." They have previously been handicapped by travelling 3,000 miles and meeting a team fresh from the clubhouse. This disadvantage will now go against the Eastern challengers. All things considered, the Minto Cup will be the leading attraction at the New Westminster Fair for many, many years.

It is doubtful if any city in Canada, of the same population, has done so much for the national game as New Westminster. The records go to show that during the last twelve years \$30,000 has been expended directly in the interests of that favorite sport. Of this amount about \$20,000 has been contributed towards the expense of bringing to that city such strong Eastern teams as Shamrocks (twice), Capitals, Tecumsehs, and Winnipeg Shamrocks, Strathcona and Nelson players in Western Canada. The one exhibition tour of Eastern Canada and two trips for the Minto Cup cost the club and their supporters another \$10,000.

It is not the purpose of the writer to make individual mention of the players, but he cannot refrain from expressing admiration for that greatest of players, Alex. Turnbull, the mainstay of the team. He should be a model to all aspirants. Although now in his forty-fourth year he is still playing as brilliantly as ever. During the two games in Montreal, it was undoubtedly due to his admirable playing and excellent judgment in conducting the attacks that the victory was won, and qualified critics have been forced to admit that he is still the finest player in Canada. He is also a thorough gentleman and never forgets it, no matter how strenuous the game becomes. In conversation with the writer the other day he stated that he had yet to be ruled off in a game for any infraction of the rules. He never resorts to questionable methods, and rather than conduct himself dishonorably would prefer defeat. Mr. Turnbull, however, is unfortunate, perhaps, in being the strong man on the team, for in modern lacrosse ethics it appears to be the practice of players to "spot" the best man on an opposing team and endeavor to put him out of the game. This is illustrated by Mr. Turnbull's appearance since the Minto Cup series. He was brutally assaulted by the Shamrock players. His head and face are one mass of scars, ligaments in his arms are torn, and his legs are badly bruised. He said he was unable to sleep for several nights after the last game owing to the pain he was suffering. "But it was worth it!" he said, in speaking of the victory.

The New Westminsterers played an exhibition game at the Island on Saturday with the Tecumsehs, leaders of the N.L.U. League, and lost by a score of 10-4. The world's champions were without the services of Alex. Turnbull and I. Wintemute, whose injuries prevented them from playing, and this naturally weakened their home. It is doubtful, however, if the Coast team, at their best, could have won at the Island. It is equally doubtful if the Tecumsehs, in mid-season form, could go to New Westminster and defeat the home team, thus securing the Cup. They made the trip last fall and were decisively beaten, the score being 12-6.

Mr. Alex. Turnbull has been chosen as a member of the team to represent Canada in the Olympic lacrosse games.

The New Westminster team are at the Rossin House, the party being looked after by Mr. C. A. Welsh, a typical Western business man, and a great lacrosse enthusiast.

F. C. P.

## A Good Time

I've had a good time.

Life came with rosy cheeks and tender song  
Across the morning fields to play with me,  
And, oh, how glad we were, and romped along  
And laughed and kissed each other by the sea.

I've had a good time.

Love came and met me half-way down the road;  
Love went away, but there remained with me  
A little dream to help me bear my load,  
A something more to watch for by the sea.

I've had a good time.

Death came and took a rosebud from my yard;  
But after that, I think there walked with me,  
To prove me how the thing was not so hard,  
An angel here of evenings by the sea.

I've had a good time.

Nobody knows how good a time but me,  
With nights and days of revel and of rhyme,  
And tears and love and longing by the sea.  
—Mounce Byrd, in Harper's Magazine.

## "The Orator of the Human Race."

IN the early period of the French Revolution, a Prussian of the name of Anarcharis Cloatz made himself notorious by the violence of his invectives against all legitimate authority. He was called the "Orator of the Human Race," in consequence of his appearing at the bar of the National Assembly, accompanied by deputies from the various nations of the earth, who had chosen him for their speaker. This orator pronounced a most virulent harangue, and expressed the hope that the glorious example of France would be followed by all other states. Any other assembly of persons but the National Assembly of France (says T. P.'s Weekly), would have consigned this man either to the stocks as a drunkard or to the mad-house as a lunatic; but, on the contrary, he was listened to with attention and his harangue frequently interrupted by loud plaudits.

M. de Permont called the address the noblest homage which the Assembly could possibly receive for their la-

bors, and moved that their request (to assist at the approaching federation) should be granted by acclamation. Alexander de Lameth seconded the motion made "in favor of these generous strangers," and the President, Menou made Cloatz a grave and serious answer, in which he informed him that the Assembly would allow him and his brother deputies to assist at the ceremony of the federation, on condition that on their return to their respective countries they would relate to their countrymen what they had seen.

M. de Boulainvilliers, who was that day at the Assembly, observed among the deputation a negro who belonged to one of his friends. "Ah, Azor," said he to him, "what are you come to do here?" "Heigh, massa!" answered the negro; "no, me do the African."

It was discovered next day that this deputation of all the nations of the earth, to the most august assembly of the universe, and which formed the train of the Baron de Cloatz, was entirely composed of vagabonds and foreign servants, hired at twelve livres a head!

The secret was betrayed by an orthographical error. One of the Vagabonds of the deputation went the next day to the Marquis de Biancourt, a member of the Assembly, and asked to be paid his twelve livres. "What do you mean by your twelve livres?" said M. de Biancourt; "I do not know you, and how do I owe you anything?" "Because, sir, it was I who did the Chaldean yesterday in the Assembly; we were engaged at twelve livres apiece, and I was desired to come to you to be paid." "Indeed, Mr. Chaldean, you have been sent to a wrong person. I know nothing of the engagement you talk of, and I have nothing to do in the business."

M. de Biancourt made no secret of this visit, and the next day it got into several of the newspapers. The author of the farce was sought after, but never discovered, although it was suspected that the Duke de Liancourt was treasurer of the embassy, which, however, he constantly denied. Four years afterwards, Anarcharis Cloatz, "The Orator of the Human Race," was guillotined along with Hebert, Chaumette, and several others.

## Sir Victor Horsley's Triumph.

DR. M. ALLEN STARR, L.L.D., Sc.D., Professor of Neurology, Columbia University, New York, has a very striking article in the July Harper's Magazine on "Recent Discoveries in Medicine." "Some of the recent discoveries in medical science are so wonderful in their inception and so far-reaching in their beneficial effects upon the community that they read like a romance," he says.

He then tells of one of Sir Victor Horsley's triumphs: Some years ago Sir William Gull, one of the great English surgeons, described a peculiar affection appearing in women, the nature of which was quite obscure. It was characterized by a slowly-advancing puffiness and pallor of the face and of the skin everywhere; a dryness of the hair, which soon came out; a feeling of coldness and lassitude, and mental deterioration, showing itself in a lack of interest, a disinclination to any effort, and an indifference and depression which became distressing as the disease advanced. Many victims gradually lost their minds, and had to be cared for like children at home or sent to lunatic asylums. The disease seemed to be more prevalent in Scotland and about London than elsewhere in Great Britain. It was named Myxedema. Unfortunately, no remedy was known, and for a time the origin and nature of the disease was a complete puzzle.

About this time, however, Sir Victor Horsley was at work in the Brown Institute of London making investigations upon the physiology of the glands. These organs—the tonsils, the gland in the neck which surrounds the Adam's apple, and others lying deeper—had been a problem for many years to the physiologists—for no one knew their use. Horsley, determined to remove some of them from animals under chloroform, and then to take the best care of the animal afterward, and see whether it showed any evidence of the absence of the gland. He began his work upon the gland in the neck, which is called the thyroid gland, and not obtaining any result from its removal in rabbits, cats and dogs, he finally tried monkeys. They seemed to show a decided effect of the absence of the gland. Their skin became dry and the hair fell out; the skin became puffy and swollen, and their mental activity declined so that they became stupid and inactive, and even had to be fed by hand, as they were indifferent to food. There was no sign of pain or suffering, but they gradually lost their minds.

Remembering Sir William Gull's description, and having seen cases of the disease described by him, Sir Victor Horsley recognized the result produced by the removal of the thyroid in his monkeys as identical with myxedema. And it at once occurred to him that if the disease were really due to an absence or atrophy of the thyroid gland it might be possible to cure it by implanting animals' thyroids into man. This he tried, taking the thyroid of the sheep and placing it under the skin in several patients suffering from myxedema. To his immense satisfaction these people showed immediate improvement. But this was only temporary, and as a constant succession of such operations was not feasible, some other method of supplying thyroid gland had to be devised.

At first the juice of the thyroid was given by injection, then an extract of the gland was obtained and given by the mouth, and later a dried extract was prepared and given in tablets. In all cases recovery from myxedema occurred and continued so long as the thyroid extract was taken. And to-day all over the world myxedema is successfully treated by this remedy. Many persons who had been considered hopeless invalids have been removed from insane asylums, having regained their mental faculties, and the disease is no longer dreaded.

## Feminine Sensibility and Masculine Ease.

THE San Francisco Argonaut has this to say on a topic of timely interest:

One day last week, when the thermometer stood at 96 degrees on the north porch at Sagamore Hill, President Roosevelt took off his coat, hung it over the back of a chair, and settled down to an afternoon of solid comfort with his books. There is no record that the women of his family bombarded him with sneers and reproaches, but there is every reason to suspect that their approval was not given to this free-and-easy hot-weather adjustment. It has not been discovered that a woman who, on a summer's day, will make herself comfortable from morn to dewy eve in a shirt waist can ever see rhyme, reason, or decency in a man's coming down to shirt sleeves. She will tolerate it in a college boy, but in a husband and father—never! It may be that when one gets to be President of the United States he may be a law unto himself as to the clothes he may wear or not wear on his own back porch, but we doubt it. From what we have observed from the domestic female in her administrative relations to the domestic male, she respects nothing and will concede nothing and will not be deterred from having her say about it, not though the heavens fall. Not even the example so bravely set forth by President Roosevelt is likely to save the average man from those whips and

scorns of feminine contempt which invariably hail the easy arrangements by which he instinctively adjusts himself to high temperatures.

Mr. Roosevelt is by no means the first President to exemplify the convenience and comfort of shirt sleeves. Mr. Lincoln used frequently in the White House and elsewhere to go coatless; and among the most charming memories of one still living is the simple unconsciousness with which Lincoln, walking in the outskirts of Washington on a hot day, removed his coat and carried it on his arm. President Grant was fond of shirt-sleeves, and not even the frowns of a devoted wife somewhat given to public correction of his social manners could restrain him now and again from taking off his coat and making himself comfortable. Mr. Cleveland likewise gave himself license in this respect, and it is of record that once at least he received an official visitor sitting at his desk coatless and in full enjoyment of that unbuttoned ease which Emerson has so happily exploited.

But despite these illustrious instances, we are apprehensive that the weight of feminine disapproval will still interfere with the perfect freedom of man; and we must admit that however highly recommended the shirt-sleeves habit may be, there clings about it a certain suggestiveness—enough to mark the point in that best of all Chicago stories: Young Mr. Facker, visiting a cousin at Boston and being asked about the summer weather, remarked, "Well, now, Cousin Minerva, not mor'n half of all this talk about it's bein' so blamed hot out our way is so. Here it is the end of August, and durin' the whole season I don't remember havin' set down to dinner mor'n two or three times without my coat on."

## Haydon and His Banker.

IN all the pages of Haydon's diary there are none more striking than those in which this unfortunate painter, ever confident in his genius, but ever at war with circumstance, tells of his relations with his generous bankers. Under January 27, 1846, he writes:

I went out in misery. There is nothing like the forlornness of feeling, of knowing you have not a pound to meet the bill of a rascal who is hoping you will fail that he may make property out of the costs.

Coutts and Co. had written to say it was against their rules to help me—still, personally, I had hopes. I went to-day. The bill would be in by twelve (£26 10s.). I saw Mr. Majoribanks. I said, "Sir, do help me."

He is humane. "You know it is against all rule. I regret to see a man of your eminence so hard run. Shall it be the last time?" I gave him my honor. He begged me to sit down—feeling as if I had been held by a prong over the burning pit and saw a reprieve. I signed a promissory note for two months, and he placed the amount to my account. He was looking much older than I. His head trembled a little and his hand shook. He said, "I am fifty to-morrow."

"Why, sir, I am sixty."

"Sixty," says he; "no."

"It is twenty-nine years ago since I opened my account. Mr. Harman paid me £300, and I came to your house."

"Time passes," said he.

Sir Edward Antrobus was looking old and wrinkled. I declare I feel as young as ever. These rich men always look older than we struggling men of talent.

I fear nothing on earth but my banker, where I have not five shillings on account, and have a bill coming due, and want help. The awful and steady look of his searching eyes, the quiet and investigating point of his simple questions, the "hum" when he holds down his head, as if he had Atlas on his shoulders, and the solemn tone when he declares it is against the rules of the house, the reprieve one feels as the tones of the voice begin to melt and give symptoms of an opening to let light to the heart, are not to be described, and can only be understood by those who have been in such predicaments. Majoribanks is always kind at last. The clerks seem to be wonder-struck at the charm I seem to possess in the house amongst the partners.

The fact is, Coutts' house have always had a great deal to do with men of genius, and they have a feeling for them, and seem to think it is a credit to the firm to have one or two to scold, assist, blow up, and then forgive. This is the way I have gone on with them for twenty-nine years.

Once my trustee overdrew £21. By degrees I repaid it—£5, £8 at a time, and I always kept my word with them, and once they spoke highly of me in my misfortunes, and once they paid £100 when I had not a shilling on account. This was in my palmy days.

How grateful I am! God be thanked!

## Differences in French and American Social Life.

Mlle. FALLIERES, the daughter of the President of the French Republic, is engaged to be married, and this illustrates a remarkable difference between the social life of the people of the American and French Republics. When Mrs. Longworth became engaged, (remarks The Argonaut, of San Francisco), the event was one of national interest, and we need not recall the almost painful amount of attention that the event received. But the engagement of Mlle. Fallieres has excited not the least notice with the exception of a five-line paragraph of small type in the newspapers. The London Daily Express, commenting upon the fact, says:

"The engagement has had a five-line notice in the newspapers, and the excitement has ended there. President Fallieres occupies a very different position in French minds from that of the President of the United States (in the minds of Americans. He is regarded as a politician (which by his office he is not allowed to be). He is esteemed as a man, but as a social factor he is practically nil, and nobody in France takes the slightest interest in what his wife or daughter wear or in what Mme. Fallieres pays her cook."

With the exception of some unavoidable changes necessitated by official life, the domestic menage of the Fallieres family remains what it has always been—parochial and bourgeois. Indeed, when M. Fallieres went to the Elysee as President of the Republic one of the first things his wife did was to dismiss the official cook and to appoint in his place an old woman, a family retainer, who knew all the President's culinary whims and fancies. Mme. Fallieres has never changed her way of dressing. She attires herself now just as she did when her husband was the mayor of a provincial town, and as for the worthy man himself, he would probably have refused the highest honor in the power of the people to give him had he supposed that it would imply a change of costume or any deviation from the comfortable, if unfashionable, garb in which he delights. Certainly there could be no more graceful picture of democratic simplicity than that furnished by the presidential family of France.

Secretary of the Interior Garfield has decided to decimate the ranks of the regiment of women in the departments at Washington. At least in the Department of the Interior the higher class of women clerks must give way to men, it is said.



OFFICIALS AND MEMBERS NEW WESTMINSTER LACROSSE TEAM.

Top row—C. A. Welsh, trip manager; Rev. J. S. Henderson, president; T. Gifford, captain; C. Galbraith, J. Bryson, W. Turnbull, C. D. Peele, team manager; D. McElroy, trainer. Middle row—Tom Rennie, C. Spring, C. Latham, J. Gifford, J. Feeney, George Rennie. Lower row—Len Turnbull, I. Wintemute, Alex. Turnbull, A. Gray, Jack Gifford (mascot).

should have been awarded the title of "Champions of the World," and the first holders of the Minto Cup; but their claims were not even considered by the trustees. The disappointment undoubtedly did much to renew a grim determination year after year to again prove their claims were indisputable—and they have now done so. Of the boys who made that memorable tour, only two are on the present team—the sturdy point player, Captain Thos. Gifford, and Mr. Alex. Turnbull, the main force on the home. Mr. C. D. Peele, one of the defence men at the time, is now team manager, but does not play.

Anyone at all familiar with lacrosse conditions in New Westminster can readily conceive what the victory meant. Great was the joy in the old town; business ceased when the glad tidings were received and pandemonium reigned supreme. The president of the club, Rev. J. S. Henderson, appeared on the scene to hear the good news, only to be hoisted on the shoulders of enthusiastic stalwarts and carried for blocks; city bands played in a manner befitting the occasion; aged men and women were equally elated as boys and girls, and staid professional and business men left their desks and joined the cheering throng. With joy unrestrained, hours later, when darkness enveloped the city, a huge bonfire on Albert Crescent attracted the happy multitudes. Speeches were delivered by leading city dignitaries; the city band played as never before, hour after hour, and it is doubtful if anyone thought of such a thing as sleep throughout the night. In short, the citizens, irrespective of sex, went lacrosse crazy, and many days will pass before they regain their former equanimity.

The question asked by every Eastern lacrosse enthusiast now is: "Will the cup ever be brought back to its old resting place?" As an ex-resident of New Westminster the writer cannot offer much encouragement to the Eastern clubs. So far as lacrosse is concerned the Coast city is the most independent place in Canada. They grow their own players. About the first word the tiny infants learn is "lacrosse"; they learn to toddle from chair to chair by the aid of a lacrosse stick, and when, as young boys, they begin to play in the parks, they would laugh at anyone suggesting any game but lacrosse. Consequently they have lacrosse teams by the score, of all grades and ages, and the sole ambition of all is to secure a place eventually on the senior team. With one or two intermediate and three or four junior teams, it will readily be seen that when a vacancy occurs in the senior ranks the management are never worried about any possible trouble in filling the vacancy.

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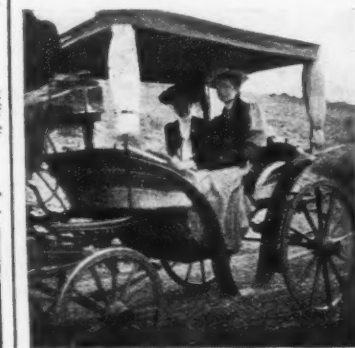
## YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

In this week's article Mr. Carrel relates some further interesting incidents of his visit to the Canary Islands.

AT noon we reached Atalaya, where we visited the cave-dwellers, a very interesting people. They are poorly clad, almost all the women and children being barefooted, and they live in little hovels, or dungeons, on the side of a deep ravine. There were about five hundred of this strange race, who are supposed to be descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Islands, before the Spaniards assumed possession of them. But, like the Lorette and other tribes of Canadian Indians, intermarriage has to a great extent changed the race to a very Spanish-looking type, and their only identity of their other descent is in their innate love for continuing to reside in a cave dwelling of their forefathers, who, in the olden times found refuge by this mode of living, from the repeated attempts of the Moors from the mainland of Africa to capture them for the slave market. We saw many of those uninhabited caves in various parts, as we drove through the Island that morning, but the one we were visiting was occupied by one of the few remaining groups of cave-dwellers, whose early instincts of living have not altogether changed.

While among this peculiar people, the "kodaks" were very busy. I succeeded in posing two of the ugliest old women I ever saw, against a cliff, while I stood at a distance of seven or eight feet, on the very brink of a precipice several hundred feet high. Just as I was going to squeeze the bulb, a small donkey, laden with two big baskets, came rolling over the cliff above and landed on his back be-



AT LAS PALMAS.

tween the women and the spot upon which I was standing. He commenced to kick and I had to remove my camera for fear he might kick it over the embankment, having a narrow escape from going over myself. My two models of female beauty immediately set to work to right the donkey in very quick order, and had him standing on his feet more surprised than injured, when an old man came down the cliff by a side path and led him away, allowing me an opportunity to complete the picture unfortunately spoiled by the donkey, which I had also photographed. I had, however, forgotten to roll up the film, so that my negative displayed a setting with a donkey on his back and the two old women very much mixed up with his four extremities.

Although the houses I looked into showed some signs of cleanliness, they emitted an unsavory odor which was almost sickening. Most of the abodes of this old tribe consist of but one room, in which live the family and all their household animals, consisting of donkeys, cats and dogs, while there appears to be no observance of sanitary rules in their habits of life. It is true that they have the advantage of throwing all their refuse and putrid matter over the cliff, a foot or two from their door, but they don't do it. We wondered how many children went over the precipice every year, as there were hundreds of them in evidence everywhere, and no one to look after them. Evidently a kind Providence casts a protecting hand over this odd race of people, or it would not take much to land the whole village into the bottom of the ravine, hundreds of feet below, especially if family feuds were to spring up among them.

SHORTLY after leaving the caves we were driven through a garden luxuriantly tropical in appearance and filled with many beautiful floral plants in full bloom, and orange and lemon trees bearing their luscious ripe fruit, wending our way up a winding avenue to the Santa Brigada Hotel, where we remained for luncheon. Everything in and around this resort was pleasing to the eye and evidently very comfortable to the guests. It was the one spot on the Island calculated to appeal to the visitor more than any other. It is located some fifteen hundred feet



AMONG THE CAVE-DWELLERS, CANARY ISLANDS.

above the level of the sea, with a grand panorama of valley and mountain scenery, swept over by a bracing and invigorating air. There were many attendants in the hotel, and the excellent service here, as in many other similarly situated hostleries, was a perfect oasis in the desert to the weary European traveller. There was nothing inside the hotel which was in harmony with the customs and habits of the people of the surrounding country. This was not surprising when it was learned that the promoters of this hotel and the management are European. Like the two on the lower level near the city, it is patronized by English and Germans in the winter and Spaniards in the summer months.

After luncheon, a friend, armed with cameras, went out into the roadway to obtain a photo of a woman with a baby in her arms, and perhaps a grown-up child, all sitting up on a donkey, a sight we frequently came in contact with while coming up from Las Palmas in the morning. But we were not fortunate, for no combination of this description came along, but we got several other novel pictures, including two women carrying enormous loads on their heads, and a very pretty native girl, with a heavy earthen water pot resting on her head as comfortable as a hat. At one turn in the thoroughfare we came across a picturesque scene. The road at this point was well worth a snapshot, but it had the additional attraction of a herd of about one hundred sheep quietly resting on the ground on a slight elevation in a most picturesque bend of the road, while the shepherd, a villainous looking old man, with three mongrel dogs, with considerable bull in them, but, perhaps, for all that the shepherd dog of the Island, were sitting on the opposite side. When the shepherd saw what we were up to, he appeared very wrathful, and rushed up to where I was standing and obstructed the view by getting in front of my camera. I knew what he wanted and gave him a penny, all the money I had, but he insisted on more, which we would not give him. We made signs to him that we would chuck him into the road if he did not get out of the way, when the dogs started to growl, and their vicious looking actions quite close to me had a wonderful effect upon us, for while we were not afraid of the old man, though he did have an ugly long knife in a sheath inside his coat, we certainly were of his dogs. At a moment when we were deciding what to do, a carriage drove up and two



ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH PAPERS.

very obliging Spanish gentlemen got out and came to our rescue. When they approached us we explained that we wanted to photograph the roadway, and this old man did not care to take his sheep out of the way. The expression of surprise which came over the old shepherd's face, when he was ordered to drive his sheep off at once, was too amusing for anything, especially when I made signs to him that I wanted my penny back, which he quickly placed in his mouth and swallowed, with a look as much as to say, "You or the other gentlemen will never make me give that up." We thanked the strangers, who turned out to be officers of the army in civilian clothes, patrolling the road for our benefit, and went on, with a feel-

ing that we had taken our revenge on the disobedient old shepherd.

ON our return through the town of Las Palmas we stopped at the Santa Catalina Hotel and enjoyed a delightful and refreshing tea, served by waiters in full dress suits with white ties and swallow-tailed coats, after which we returned to our ship about 5:30 o'clock, and one hour afterwards steamed out of Las Palmas harbor amid a flotilla of small boats crowded with natives, eager to give us a modest though hearty send-off.

It appears that our visit to this port was made a great deal of by the Spanish Government, on account of the approaching marriage of young King Alfonso with Princess Ena, and the local authorities had been given instructions, from Madrid, to take every care of us while we were on the Islands. This was the reason, so many soldiers and policemen were in evidence everywhere we went. Even in the mountains, many miles away from the city, they seemed to be about us at every turn, and bobbed up when they were least expected. It was quite clear that the natives did not want us to go away with unpleasant impressions of the Islands, or to be molested in any manner by the inhabitants. Some of these looked capable of anything, but, on the whole, were very kind and obliging (with the exception of the old shepherd) whenever or wherever we had anything to do with them.

We had a sail of three nights and two days before us, before reaching Tangiers, the principal city of Morocco, on the northwest coast of Africa, our next point of visit. The weather was perfect, the sea agreeably calm, and the night air as dry and mild as that of the day, with a moon to light our way and cast shadows upon the glistening and silvery effervescing spray which was thrown up on either side of our ship as we ploughed through the water. To look out into the expansive area of the ocean, up at the moon or the stars away in the distance, at the receding outline of the Islands we had just visited, or upon their prevailing contentment of everybody on board, gave rise to a thought that we were all in harmony with the atmosphere of the occasion which inspired perfect happiness, and lent a charm to life on the ocean wave.

J. J. HILL, who is growing old, is not as optimistic as he once was, but he speaks well for Western Canada's grain crop this year. The other day he was interviewed at St. Paul, and said: "There will be more grain of all kinds throughout the northwest, as conditions stand today, than last year. If some unfortunate condition does not arise the increase will be from five to ten per cent. over last year's crop. The Red River valley will do much better this year. West of the mountains the crop will be light."

When asked what the Canadians will have to offer for the market, Mr. Hill said undoubtedly their crop would be larger than ever. "They have virgin soil, so their crop will be large. Our farmers have not taken care of their land and consequently the yield will be proportionately light. The railroads are well able to handle all the grain which will be offered to them. The trouble lies in terminal facilities. If we could only unload grain when it goes to the terminals it would be all right."

AS a result of a meeting held one day recently between the Edmonton city council and the Strathcona Radial Tramway company, who hold a charter for the operation of the street railway for Strathcona, arrangements have been completed for the transfer of the Strathcona charter to the city of Edmonton. Edmonton thus gets a franchise for thirty years for a very reasonable sum. The amount has not yet been given out, but it is understood that an excellent bargain has been made by Mayor McDougall,

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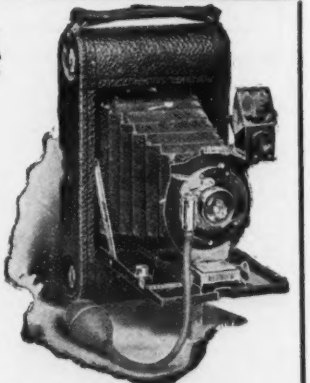
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who has practically carried the deal to completion by his own efforts. By the terms of the agreement Edmonton will construct in the bounds of Strathcona between two and a half and three miles of railway this season, and will put it in operation before the end of the year. A half-hourly service will be given between the two cities, and this will be changed to a twenty minute or quarter hour service as soon as business is sufficient to warrant it. The present intention is to run one car

exclusively in Strathcona between Whyte avenue and the top of the grade leading to Edmonton. Four cars will run from this point over to Edmonton and up into the city, and three or four cars more will supply the needs of Edmonton itself for the present time. Work will be started at once in building an addition to the Edmonton service, and in laying the tracks to Strathcona.

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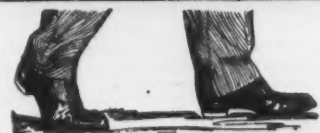
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### About Bull-Heads

The Fish with "Horns"—They  
were Invented to be Caught, and  
Most Boys Have Caught Them.

NO doubt there still are bull-heads. The best ones used to have habitat in the old mill-pond (or likely enough you called it the "slough," or the "crick" or "Mud Lake," otherwise christened it "lake,") within nice trudging distance of "home." To catch them required a barefoot boy ten years old, a sore sole, a ten cent cane pole fifteen feet long, a baking-powder can of dirt and worms commingled, a line tied to the pole's stiff tip, a vinegar-jug cork for a bobber, and a hook.

When along the bank a spot had been found not preempted by other boys present, and when the baking-powder can had been set down, and the line had been unwound from the length of the pole, and a rebellious worm had been slipped upon the hook, and worm, hook, bobber, line, and almost pole itself had been thrown with a splash into the pond (or the "slough," or the "crick," or the "lake"), and when the ripples and the derogatory comments aroused had somewhat subsided, then there was a jiggle to the cork, making ripples afresh. That is, if "they" were "bitin'" (a disposition of fishy mind most mysterious); and bull-heads usually were.

At the land end of the pole a boy, clutching hard the butt, rigid and intent, glares with bated breath at the symptoms; venturing only to utter a wild, raucous whisper, "I got a bite!"

Forthwith, while all the world gazes, at the proper psychological moment he upheaves with both arms mightily; and if he has been blessed by fortune, instead of merely incited, at the extremity of the fifteen feet of pole and the ten feet of line added thereto is hoisted high into the air, and terra firma-ward, three inches of bull-head.

Slimy and wriggly and wicked, the black imp jerked thus unceremoniously from the depths, small as he is compared with his captor, his captor's machinery, and the world about, handicapped also by adverse climatic conditions, nevertheless he puts up a fight for his life. He is slippery he is elusive, he is indefatigable, his "horns" are outstanding with rage and as sharp as needles, and he has swallowed the hook! Oh, strenuous scene of dogged defense, on the one hand, and of scrambling offense, punctuated with "Ouch!" and "Gee!" on the other; and oh, sign of triumph when at last, having disgorged from his cavernous gullet (so large for a beastie so small!) he is strung. Now in company with fellow unfortunates herded along the cord and tethered to the root or the stake at the water's edge, helplessly he gasps and sways his tail.

The sun burns, king-fishers cackle, dragon-flies perch upon the bobbles. "How many you got?"

"Seven. How many you?"

"I dunno." But, by the very tone and the evasion, evidently not seven—yet. However, hope springs eternal—and a chap can spit on his hook.

At last it is time to go home. And homeward trail anglers all, poles projecting far rearward, bull-heads, dejected and resistless, dangling in the dust beside. But not the least of them must be left behind; each must be exhibited, for the count. And in the count should be considered the big one who, after virtually having been caught, got away.

Of course, after depriving a bull-head three inches long of his head, the balance remaining practically is invisible to the scornful eye. Memory saith not as to the ultimate disposal of bull-heads brought home. Some the prowling cat found in the alley, among the discard; some swam and made sport for the household in a tub of water—until they, too, went the way of all things. Some certainly were eaten by you—mother or the hired girl having been propitious to the cooking.

But eating was the least concern. Bull-heads were invented to be caught; the disposal of them thereafter was of minor moment. They were fair prey, and outside the pale of the game-laws. It was boy against bull-head.

And as boys still exist, I presume that the bull-head, also exists. Nature is attending to that. And some golden, humming day during the season, from the middle of April to the first of September (the bull-head season, that is), chucking all trouting, bass casting, pickerel trolling engagements, and other such dilettantisms, I should like once more to sally hopefully forth for

him (the bull-head, of course), allure him, outjerk him, pounce upon him, wrestle with him, be horned by him, "ouch" over him, finally string him, eventually home carry him—and show him to mother. Ah, what a boy for her to be proud of. —Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's, for August.

### My Farm.

I LOVE the dear farm life; I love to go  
At early morn—say, somewhere about ten—  
And speak a cheering word to the good men  
Who in the meadows plough, or reap, or mow;  
I love to sow the yellow corn with my own hand,  
Or plant the bird-seed in the teeming land.

Why, I could sit all day in harvest time  
Beside a haystack, or a purling brook,  
With jug and straw, a pipe, perhaps a book,  
Some clever novel or smooth flowing rhyme,  
And ask no more, so very sweet to me  
This simple and yet arduous life would be.

And then drive home, such rest does glad toil bring,  
The corn all mowed, the birds all harvested,  
The wine and oil, as 'twere, all gathered—  
So glad of heart I cannot choose but sing.  
And then to slumber sweet—mayhap to dream  
Of red ripe berries and of double cream.

No more for me, this stoutly I aver,  
The city's mad'ning rush, its ceaseless din,  
Where straight tips never tell which horse will win,  
And falsehood smites as doth the cimeter.  
No janitor to stir my peaceful soul to wraith,  
No landlord lurking in my daily path.

Give me instead the farm with bounty rife,  
Its bursting bars and bins, and—well, maybe  
An annual run in countries overseas;  
Give me this modest, free, untrammelled life.  
Give me, I say, calm nature's cup to quaff,  
Give me my noble acre and a half.  
—Carlotta Perry in Lippincott's.

MRS. BOORMAN WELLS, the noted English suffragette, was describing at a dinner a very disorderly suffragette meeting.

"The noise," she said, "can only be likened to the hubbub that I once heard coming from the nursery of a friend with whom I was taking tea.

Terrified by this infernal turmoil, my friend and I burst into the nursery, breathless. The children, in a close group by the window, the baby in the middle, looked up calmly.

"What on earth are you doing?" the mother demanded.

"We've found," said the oldest boy, "poor grandma's teeth, and we're filing them down and fitting them on the baby."

THE manager of a touring baseball team records this incident of a Southern trip: "We hit Palm Beach one spring to play a couple of exhibition games and the hotel was packed. It was so crowded that they doubled us all up in one room and before the night the management had to fix bunks in the church connected with the hotel and send a lot of men to sleep there.

"Along about five o'clock the next morning the church bell began to ring furiously and finally the clerk chased one of the bellboys over to see what the matter was.

"What's the trouble?" asked the clerk, when the coon came back.

"Gennulman in pew 17 says he wants a cocktail, suh."

THIS is the rebuff of a housekeeper who had rather a small stock of patience and went into her kitchen one day to direct the preparation of dinner. She found George, her Japanese cook, poring over a book.

"What are you reading?" she asked.

"Schopenhauer," George replied.

"Do you think you can understand such philosophy?" the mistress inquired.

"Yes, honorable madam. I understand it; I apply it. When you come to tell me how to cook, it is good to remember what the white man says about women. I read here, then I not mind what you say."

### The Summer Trout

By CLARENCE DEMING

THE brook trout, *salmo fontinalis*, is scientifically an invariable species. Whether a fingerling of the New England brook, or a five-pounder of the Rangeleys or the Nipigon, he carries the same tokens of his breed in red-spotted skin, general similarities of form, and character of food. But by the test of habit, varying with the seasons of the year, he may almost be described as marked off into several species of fish. The orthodox brook trout we all know in that heyday of his activity which reaches its fullness in the blossom time of late April or May. Then it is that we find the trout of the eddy, and the rapid, chasing his food up to the very edge of the waterfall, rarely dropping below the ripple; the trout, lithesome, eager, leaping for fly or worm; and the trout that, with eye-sight dulled by the ripple and surge of waters, can be angled for at comparatively short distance and without tricks of precaution. Sometimes he lies low at the bottom of the current, sometimes he is so near the surface that, as he swims, you may see the tip of his dorsal fin, sometimes he is ranging with observant eye for his food in the mid-waters; but almost always he is quick for his prey and a promising candidate for the creel.

But as the stream drops low and the waters grow warm under the sun of June or July, you will mark a change. The trout of the spring is transmuted as to habit into a new fish of the summer. His objective point is now cool water. He finds it in the springhole, in the edges of the large stream where a shaded runlet either enters directly or percolates through the sands; or, if he cannot find these, look for him in the deeper bottoms of the pools. Living almost always in still water, his eye catches every object on the bank. Thus he becomes preternaturally shy. How often has the angler, failing in summer time to take a fish in the swift headwaters of the pool, passed down, only to scare up a half dozen hand some trout in the still waters just below, and undergone this tantalizing experience over and over again through a whole day of vain and profitless fishing!

But the shyness of the summer trout of the still springhole is due not entirely to his keen eye trained by the quietude of transparent waters. It is to be credited more to his gregariousness. The cool places and deeper pools of the trout streams are apt to be few and hived the fish in schools. If the school number, say, fifty fish, it means: hundred watchful eyes and a collective shyness adjusted to that of the most timid fish of the fifty, whose sudden dash to safety gives the warning signal to all. A single nervous trout—and there are usually several—is thus enough to scatter a big school in a flash and baffle the Pope of the angler.

This is in the smaller pools where except under certain conditions to be referred to later, the fisher angles in vain. Possibly by standing far back, hidden by a bush on a little rise of ground, he may take a single fish before the summer school vanishes—more likely they dash to cover the first instant the fly or worm touches the surface. But if the pool be large or of moderate size, with no protective rocks or bank holes for the fugitive fish, a singular change of habit is usually found. The school in that case are still shy. You move forward and they swim away, and dropping fly or worm above them only accelerates their speed. But they do not scatter. They hang together as a school. They move comparatively slowly unless alarmed by some sudden and quick action of the angler; and according as they are approached from one direction or the other, they swim in definite orbits up and down stream. If the angler wades up stream the school move down, and vice versa; and if he tries a slow and steady movement he will find that the up and down pace of the trout school corresponds with his own and almost always over a fixed stretch of the bottom.

This systematic action and reaction of a school of summer trout in a pool say a hundred feet in length by fifty feet across, gives the angler a clue to his tactics. By a little finesse and preliminary study, he can in most cases actually drive a certain number of the school into taking the bait. Finding such a school at rest, the trout fisher will, of course, stand as far away as may be, fling the worm or fly lightly over or in front of the school—in nine cases out of ten frightening the whole school and not securing a single rise or bite. Then comes the taking trick. Without throwing the hook soon again let the angler move slowly up and down stream, noting the orbit of the trout group and especially mark-

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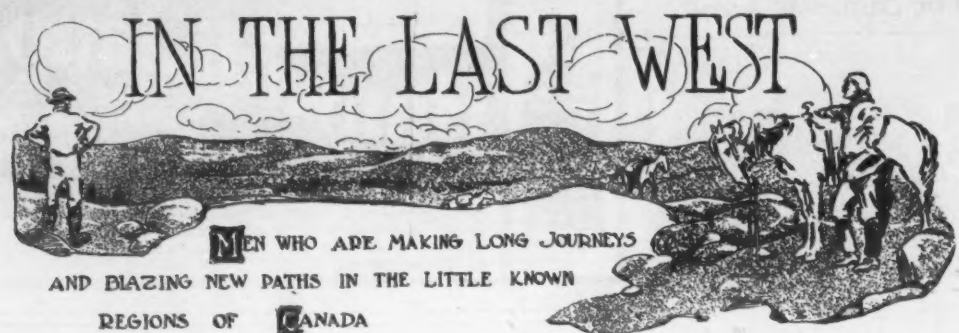
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ing, if he can, a part of the bottom that is smooth and where the worm will lie conspicuously. Then, usually with line well paid out and bait lying on the bottom, drive the trout over the bait. The verb "drive" however, must here be used with reservation, not—at least not usually—signifying a drive from behind the trout school, but an up-and-down movement near or on the bank paralleling the slow advance and retreat of the fish. A skillful trout fisher will often be able by his own movements to thus bring the trout to a dead halt right over the bait, and whether the school is at rest or moving slowly over the lure, the chances are that one of the bold-er fish will take it and be hooked to his doom. This driving trick can often be repeated perhaps a dozen times successfully; ending at last only when the whole school become too

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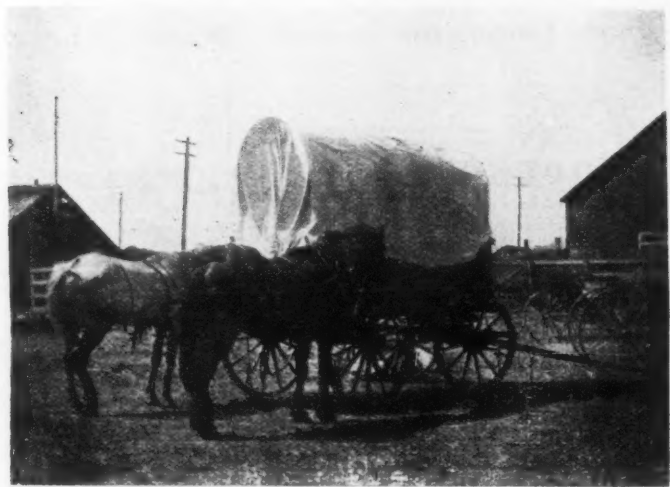




LAND may be fertile and ever so cheap, but transportation to and fro must be available or settlement is slow and of no account. Western and Eastern Canadian papers have cried aloud for the immediate construction of a railroad into what is known as the Eagle Lake Country, southwest of Saskatoon, a territory noted for the heaviness of its soil, absence of timber, difficulty in spots in procuring water, productiveness of the land and general inaccessibility. Two main routes are made use of to go into what is to outsiders a veritable *terra incognita*, withal a land that may be made to flow with milk and honey. One is the long trail out of Saskatoon overland with stops at rest houses along the trail; the other is from Hanley via Burgess stopping place to Rudy, where one takes the ferry managed by Captain Gibson who served his apprenticeship in navigation as driver of a bus from the Marble Arch to Piccadilly. Many American settlers have utilized this ferry, and in overland schooners have freighted their Lares and Perates one hundred and more miles

much as one would spend it in the east, which is stored with memories of good times and happy days out-of-doors. A third variety of summer is that of the Coast country, where one may duplicate the pleasures of the seaboard. Canada's western coast is a place of many delights, and its summers are life-giving and life-bracing. Water and mountains have a beauty that is all their own and leave an influence upon one that nothing else can give. Thus it is possible to summer in the West in divers ways and, if one can flit about, according to one's tastes.

ONE of the wonders of Western-most Canada is the Douglas Fir. It would seem that nature after making all the wonders of growing things in the eastern provinces and the prairie country, set out to plant something really big beyond the Rockies, the last of her handiwork this side of the ocean—and the result was the Douglas Fir. It is a noble piece of work, noteworthy among all the things that grow out of mother earth. Three hundred feet high and sixty feet around it



THE OVERLAND SCHOONER OUTFITTING AT MOOSE JAW FOR THE TREK INTO THE UNKNOWN.

from the railroad, to build homes and leave a heritage for their children.

Managing a ferry on the Saskatchewan is as difficult as controlling a woman, for the river is as fickle and changeable as the proverbial coquette; to-day deep water, tomorrow, at the same spot, a sandbar to the annoyance of would-be transportation navigators. Despite all this, a satisfactory service is maintained, and the homesteader is landed at the beginning of the trail which leads towards the corner stakes which point out his location, and from which he can chain his acreage. The day of the ferry is passing, for people prefer to trust to the wooden trestle and concrete arch rather than be at the mercy of wind and wave, for during the high water of springtime one is less certain of navigating the Saskatchewan than he is of eventually crossing the Styx.

THE West-land, a bright little weekly, religious in tone, published at Edmonton under the editorship of Mr. Aubrey Fullerton, comments as follows on the varying summer climates of different sections of our big west country:

There are at least three considerably different varieties of summer in this West of ours. In the southern prairie country the season is associated with great open spaces and an all-pervading brightness that fastens its hold on everything. The day is long, and the sun-heat is insistent but is tempered by the winds that cross the plains sometimes gently, sometimes with a swoon. With the miles on miles of yellowing grain, and over all the brightness of a full sky, one's impression of the prairie summer is summed up in one word—golden. In northern Alberta the season is more like that of Ontario. The difference is in the trees and the lakes and in the greater variety of flower and bird life. There is still the pervading brightness but it is softened by the green of a more generous nature. It is possible to spend a summer holiday here or there in the north country very

sometimes grows, and even larger, samples have been shown. In its average size of 150 feet high and four to six feet through it yields what are known locally as "British Columbia toothpicks." For they are cutting down these mighty trees and building houses and wharves and bridges with them. The West Land, of Edmonton, notes that the Coast province has 160 sawmills, and a large portion of their output is of fir, which in various manufactured forms finds its way all over Western Canada. Thus it proves its usefulness and its industrial value; but it looks best and grandest before the wood-cutter has attacked it, as it stands where Nature put it, in the Selkirk, along the mainland coast, and on Vancouver Island.

THE total value of British Columbia exports for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1908, is \$23,941,187, while the imports for the same period of time are \$24,180,452. This information is contained in a return recently received from Ottawa by the British Columbia Government.

In regard to exports, gold-bearing quartz comes first in value, the amount shipped being placed at \$4,838,123. Next stands copper matte, 26,463,855 pounds, worth \$4,127,025, being sent out of the country. Coal comes third with 976,466 tons, worth \$3,183,144. The fourth on the list is canned salmon valued at \$2,871,781 and silver to the extent of 2,086,885 ounces, worth \$1,296,334, was also shipped.

The lumber products are contained under a number of heads, but the two most important items are planks and boards and shingles, the former being valued at \$1,267,134, and the latter at \$327,138. Among other items are hides, \$164,831; furs, \$146,799; butter, 21,360 pounds, worth \$5,940; pickled salmon, \$130,012; herring, \$164,459. A surprising item is that of whale oil, of which no less than 338,429 gallons were exported of a value of \$117,866.

In considering these figures it must be borne in mind that they only refer to goods entered at the Customs houses. No figures regarding inter-

provincial traffic are available from official sources. Thus, in the case of lumber, for instance, the vast quantity shipped to the prairies is not included in the figures quoted.

The imports for the year ending March 31, 1908, which passed the Customs houses were \$24,189,452, of which \$6,654,344 were free. These are spread over an immense number of articles. It is noticeable, however, that 110 foreign motor cars worth \$159,875, were imported, while foreign ale, beer and porter came to \$215,382.

In agricultural products satisfactory results were obtained last year though there is room for great expansion. The imports of dairy products, meats, fruits and vegetables are: Butter, cheese and condensed milk, \$181,195; eggs, \$67,095; bacon, lard and meats, \$741,650; apples, \$65,814; cherries, plums, peaches and berries, \$106,625; prunes, \$33,731; canned and dried fruits, \$62,336—or a total of \$268,506.

Vegetable imports include potatoes, \$16,206; tomatoes, \$3,998; canned vegetables, \$29,631; other vegetables, \$95,067, a total for vegetables of \$144,902.

Hogs, cattle, sheep, horses, etc., worth \$221,446, were imported, and hay, honey, hops and malt to the amount of \$88,505.

This makes a grand total of \$1,865,542 of agricultural products imported from foreign countries, and upon which duties are paid. These figures do not include exports of these articles from the other provinces, which amount to over four million dollars. The total importations for 1907-8, of such articles would therefore, aggregate six and a half million dollars, all of which, thinks the Vancouver Province, might be produced at home.

ALTHOUGH the line connecting Calgary and Lethbridge direct may not be built this year, the final location will be made, and next year will see it in operation.

Such was the information given the other day to The Alberta, of Calgary, by Mr. Whyte.

Mr. Whyte was interviewed by A. E. Cross, president of the Calgary Board of Trade and Secretary Webster, as to the intentions of the C. P.R. in regard to railway building in Alberta.

He assured the delegation that the road from Lethbridge would most certainly be built at an early date, but would not state positively whether it would be commenced this year or not. The final location will, however, be made, and preparations made for its construction next year.

IN explaining the preemption clauses of the new land bill in the House of Commons, Hon. Frank Oliver dwelt at some length on the need of a 320 acre farm. Part of his address was as follows:

"When the system of surveys of the Northwest was first undertaken, our settlement was far in advance, toward the west and north, of any settlement in the adjoining United States. In the United States the 160 acre farm which had been adopted as standard in the prairie states of the West was adopted by us in our Western prairie as well. In Ontario a 100 acre farm was the standard, and probably that is the case in the eastern

part of the United States; but they did not consider 100 acres sufficient in the prairie state and they adopted 160 as the standard. Our survey of the West was based upon the idea that 160 acres is the proper size for a prairie farm, and the experience of the older settled portions of our Western prairies shows that to be the proper size.

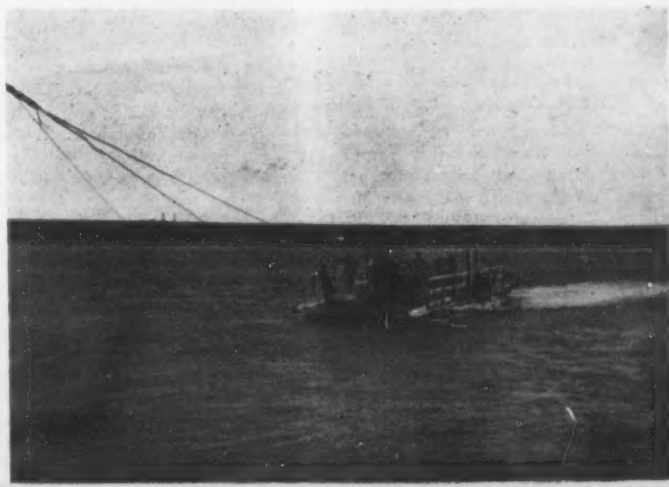
But natural conditions change somewhat as you go further west. In Iowa and Minnesota a 160-acre farm is a fair sized farm; but when we get to Nebraska and Dakota 160 acres ceases to be sufficient, according to the experience of the present day. And as there is only an imaginable line between Canada and the United States in the West, the same natural conditions which require a farm to be of a large area in the more western provinces of the United States operate in our own prairie west. In the states where the 160 acre farms are the standard, there are adequate and regular rainfalls, and it is possible to crop the rich prairie land from year to year without cessation. But as settlements spread westwards into the country where the rainfall is not so regular, it was found that the attempt to crop the land every year resulted in getting no crop at all during the dry seasons. A different system of farming had then to be adopted, and the farmers adopted the method of planting only one-half their land each year and summer following the remainder. So that instead of having to plough his land in the spring, after the snow had melted, and the frost had come out of the ground, and then putting his seed into the loosened uplands which the spring winds had dried out, with the result that in dry years there was no crop, he was able, by summer following the land, to put in his seed the following spring just as soon as the snow had gone and before the frost had left the ground; and as the land had not been disturbed, the dry winds of spring could not take away its moisture, and the result was a good crop. But when he attempted to crop his entire farm every year he could not get any harvest in a dry year.

The fact is that there are to-day millions of acres of land under successful cultivation in Dakota and our West, which ten or fifteen years ago were practically given up as not suitable, simply because people did not know how to farm it. But it stands to reason that if a man can only farm one-half his land in each year, he must have twice as much land if he is going to raise as much crop. Therefore, a farm of 320 acres in the western part of the prairie region is no larger as a money-maker than a farm of 160 acres in the more easterly part.

THE great show of the great West," the Provincial Exhibition of British Columbia, which is held in New Westminster each year promises to be bigger and better than ever this fall. So says a press correspondent of that city, who continues: Every day brings news of the great importance of the fair from outside points, and as a result many new exhibitors will be present and many new features will be added to the great show.

An important subject under discussion is the unveiling of the Simon Fraser centennial monument in honor of the great explorer. The monument will be erected on Albert crescent and will cost in the neighborhood of \$1,000 without the bust. It will be twelve feet in height and will be placed on an elevated position.

It has been decided by the exhibition management to erect this year, if possible, a building for a permanent fisheries exhibit. The local sawmills will be asked to furnish timber for its erection and the building will be put up in such a way that it will be an exhibit of the lumbering industry.



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## So Wags the World

SIR FOLLY goes a-dancing by, Fun and frolic in his eye, On his lips a careless lay, "Ho, Sir Folly! Why so gay?" Says he: "I know a woman."

Beggar Wisdom shuffles near, Down-cast eye, no word of cheer, Rags and tatters, meanly clad, "Brother Wisdom, why so sad?" Says he: "I know a woman." —Harry Lawson in Life.

## An Airship Passenger Service.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, New York, says: Within the next year and a half it should be possible to engage passage or to ship freight between New York and Boston by airship.

This is what will occur if the plans of the proposed American Aerial Navigation Company do not miscarry. The company is to be incorporated for the purpose of establishing aerial routes for the transportation of passengers and freight in the United States, Canada and Mexico. The first "air line" will be between New York and Boston, and relay stations are to be erected near Springfield and New Haven. The time in which the journey can be accomplished is estimated at seven or eight hours.

That the new venture is to be undertaken in a serious spirit is shown by the fact that its backers hold options on a large manufacturing plant for aerial apparatus, which they propose to take over. Negotiations are also in progress for the manufacture of dirigible balloons. The form of dirigibles to be adopted will depend on the result of experiments now carried on by the government; at first small dirigibles capable of carrying a few passengers only will be built. In order to familiarize people with aerial transportation, ascents will be made from North Adams and Pittsfield in spherical balloons.

It is proposed to establish landing stations close to the street-car lines on the outskirts of cities, which will contain housing-room for dirigibles and inflating contrivances.

A young woman of the official set in Washington at a public function found herself bored by the attentions of a fresh young man, the son of a Senator. Soon after his introduction he pro-

ceeded to regale her with a story of some adventure in which he had figured as hero.

"Did you really do that?" she asked, not knowing what else to say. "I done it!" was the proud response, and he began forthwith another lengthy narrative, more startling even than the first. The young woman again politely expressed her surprise.

"Yes," said the hero, "that's what I done!" A third story followed, with another "I done it!" whereupon the girl remarked:

"Do you know, you remind me so strongly of Banquo's ghost in the play."

"Why?" "Don't you remember that Macbeth said to the ghost: 'Thou canst not say I did it!'" —Lippincott's.

In the May issue somebody contended that Theodore Roosevelt became a dictator at an early age and has continued so to the present day. The following story appears to demolish that contention:

During the recent Congress of Mothers at Washington, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt personally received the delegates at the White House. One woman, in meeting the President gave him the message from her little son: "Tell the President that I want him to run for another term."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily at this, but Mrs. Roosevelt at once made reply: "Tell your little boy he can't. I won't let him." —Success.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again? Prisoner—Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the police believe it.—Tit-Bits.

Sapleigh—A bwick fell from a building two years ago and knocked me senseless. Miss Caustique—Indeed! And does your physician think you will ever get over it?—Chicago Daily News.

"Is this section prosperous?" "You bet it is," answered the Kansas farmer. "I kin spread a net any time and snake a grand piano out of a cyclone." —Pittsburg Post.

"Aren't your children growing?" "But they can't help it. It's an inherited trait." —Life.



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MR. FRANK C. PAYNE, the general press representative of the Savage opera companies, writes me that "The Merry Widow" is booked for Toronto for the week of February 15. The opera is still running in New York at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

"Seigmund," writing in Musical Canada, deplors the fact that pieces of music by Canadians are constantly being published containing the gross violations of the rules of harmony and musical grammar. He suggests that tyro composers should submit their manuscripts to competent professional musicians before sending them to the printer.

It is probable that the Royal Alexandra Theatre will re-open this season with light opera.

Mr. T. J. Palmer, organist of St. Paul's Episcopal church, has just returned from the West, where he has been conducting the Local Centre examination for the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Mr. Palmer went through as far as the Coast, and makes a very favorable report of the musical progress in our Western country.

With the completion of the examinations at Sault Ste. Marie on Friday last the list of Local Centres in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music has been concluded for this season. The successful candidates at this Centre were: Intermediate piano, Miss Anna Ross, Richards Landing, and Miss Kathleen Clarke Moore, Sault Ste. Marie.

The calendar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be ready for mailing on Monday next, and will be sent to any address, on application.

In the July number of The New Music Review, Sydney C. Dalton speaks of the French-Canadian folk songs, and incidentally tells his readers that Sir Alexander Mackenzie—he of Scotch birth and many distinctions—has written a Canadian Rhapsody that is "dull, uninteresting and unsympathetic." Sir Mackenzie, as some of us who have grown gray in the service of Frau Musica know, is not a novice; he has written some very original things, and if his Canadian Rhapsody is not inspiring, Mr. Dalton must not overlook the fact that other composers, in their attempts to deal with musical subjects foreign to their innermost perceptions, fared equally badly. By the way, has the gentleman ever heard of one Emile Vuillemoz, a Frenchman, whose harmonization of a set of Chansons Canadiennes brought the songs and the musicians into prominence in many a salon of Europe? Yet though most interesting and inspiring they are practically unknown in America.—Musical Leader and Concert-Goer.

Says the New York Evening Post: If the new managers of the Metropolitan are really anxious to produce an opera in English, why not take Sir Villiers Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," the most delightful opera ever written by a native of the United Kingdom? In the new volume of the revised "Grove," reference is made to the fact that this opera was furnished with regular recitatives in place of the original spoken dialogue for the performance in Breslau given last year; the opera is thus made suitable for our Metropolitan. As the writer of the article on Stanford in "Grove" remarks, this work, if interpreted by capable actors, "is deliciously bright and characteristic, with a touch of wild and fantastic beauty in the 'craque' of the ban-shee." Stanford is not only an original composer, but he also writes good articles. He is at present engaged in collecting some of his musical papers with a view to publication.

Reference was recently made to the hostile demonstration made against Weingartner in Vienna by a clique of fanatics because he improved Wagner's "Walkure," by making some necessary cuts; also to the resolution of the Graz Wagner Society condemning Weingartner for his vandalism. This resolution proved too much for Weingartner, who knows how to talk back. He wrote an open letter, in which he explained his policy. He calls attention to the fact that he has for three decades studied and conducted Wagner's op-

eras, and that he has always opposed the ruthless cuts made in them simply for the purpose of saving time. But, he adds, "I have come to the conclusion that many parts of the 'Nibelung's King,' or 'Lannhauset,' nay, even the short 'Flying Dutchman,' are excessively spun out, not as regards the time occupied in performing them, but too long in the sense of busy and dramatic necessity. To condense these superfluous passages with discrimination, I consider an artistic duty, because thereby the aesthetic enjoyment is increased, the comprehension facilitated and the receptive powers of the public augmented." Assuming a tone of denance, Weingartner concludes his letter with these memorable words hurled at the Graz Association and his Viennese critics: "I declare to you that I shall introduce in several of Wagner's works the cuts I deem necessary, without heeding in the least any kind of protest. Allow me to add to this declaration that I consider the terms 'Wagner' and 'Wagnerite' as by no means allied, but as diametrically opposed to each other. I esteem Wagner so highly that I must permit myself the honor of confessing myself to be a positively enthusiastic anti-Wagnerite."

Carl Reinecke, who first distinguished himself as a pianist as long ago as 1853, the year when Patti and Nilsson were born, has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. He was for thirty-five years conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, till Nikisch superseded him. As a composer he has been extremely prolific, the number of his works approximating three hundred. Few of them will survive him. He is extremely conservative, a survivor from the age of Mendelssohn. Wagner and Liszt he has always abhorred, and even Brahms is too modern for him. As a pianist he has been specially notable as a Mozart player.

The success of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" in New York has influenced European opinion. After ignoring opera for years, the German and Austrian managers are beginning to inquire into its worth and its probable chances of success. At Cologne, a few weeks ago, it won applause, with Mary Garden as Melisande, and now it is announced that Weingartner has accepted it for production in Vienna next season. He will also stage Berlioz's neglected opera, "Benvenuto Cellini."

The new calendar and syllabus of the Toronto College of Music for 1908-09 has just been issued. The book contains full information regarding the college work in all departments. Every facility is offered to students for a thorough musical education on the best lines, and the many advantages of the college training and the personal supervision by the musical director, Dr. F. H. Torrington, of all the students, places the Toronto College of Music among the best of musical institutions. The new calendar will be sent to any address upon application.

On Saturday afternoon last the members of Dr. Torrington's Choir held a picnic at High Park, and in every particular the affair was a decided success. There was a large attendance of the members and their friends. The usual picnic games were played, after which a dainty supper, served by the ladies, was partaken of. After supper Dr. Torrington addressed a few well chosen words to the party, expressing his high appreciation of the good-will and kindly spirit which the members of the choir have always shown towards him, and thanked them for the happy reunion which all appeared to fully enjoy. The entire company joined hands and sang "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten?" The choir now has a membership of 125. The same spirit of unity prevails and the members are all true to their conductor, whom they hold in the highest esteem.

There was a time when the feminine sentimental side of Chopin's music was chiefly dwelt on. Of late much has been heard of the "heroic" side of his music, and there are thunderous pianists who insist strenuously that his music is never feminine, and who play it as if it had been written expressly for a huge room and for a modern and gigantic piano-forte built to vie with the fullest modern orchestra. Philip Hale writes

sarcastically about these in the New Music Review, and cites the following from one of Berlioz's reviews to show how Chopin himself played: "To be able to appreciate him (Chopin) wholly, I think it is necessary to hear him when you are near him, in the salon rather than in the theatre. . . . Unfortunately, scarcely anyone besides Chopin himself can play this music and give it the character of something unexpected, unforeseen, which is one of its chief charms. His performance is veined with a thousand nuances in the movement. He holds the secrets of these nuances, which cannot be pointed out. There are incredible details in his mazurkas, and he has found how to make them doubly interesting by playing them with the utmost degree of gentleness, with a superlative softness. The hammers just graze the strings, so that the hearer is tempted to draw near to the instrument and strain his ear as though he were at a concert of sylphs and will o' the wisps." CHERUBINO.

#### Is Wagner Passing.

WHAT the general public attitude is at present: "a little apathetic" is all that Mr. Lawrence Gilman will allow to those who croak over "the passing of Wagner." Wagner can not pass, he thinks, though "the Wagnerites, it is true, are gone; and the validity and persuasiveness of 'Tristan' and 'The Ring' as dramas seem less certain than of old." That the great German's head has been somewhat veiled of late is admitted by Mr. Gilman, but explained by reasons that leave these music-dramas still vital as "an independent commentary that is of almost universal scope in its voicing of the moods and emotions of men and the varied pageant of the visible world." Something that accounts for the partial neglect under which Wagner suffers may be found in the capture of public taste by another order of musical expression. In The North American Review Mr. Gilman offers this comment upon the present situation:

"A score of years ago in New York those who cared at all for the dramatic element in opera, and the measure of whose delight was not ruled up by the vocal pyrotechny which was the mainstay of the operas of the older repertoire, found their chief solace and satisfaction in the music-dramas of Wagner. He reigned, then, virtually alone over his kingdom. The dignity, the imaginative power, and the impressive emotional sweep of his dramas, as dramas, offset their obscurity and their inordinate bulk; and always their splendid investiture of music exerted, in and of itself, an enthralling fascination. And that condition of affairs might have continued for much longer had not certain impetuous young men of modern Italy demonstrated the possibility of writing operas which were both dramatically engrossing and musically eloquent, and which had the incalculable merit, for our time and environment, of being both swift in movement and unimpeachably obvious in meaning. Thereupon began the reign of young Italy in contemporary opera. It was inaugurated with the 'Cavalleria Rusticana' of Mascagni; and it is continued to-day, with immense vigor and persistence, by Puccini with all his later works. 'The sway of the composer of 'Madame Butterfly' is triumphant and well-nigh absolute; and the reasons for it are not elusive. He has selected for musical treatment dramas that are terse and rapid in action and intelligible in detail, and he has underscored them with music that is impassioned, incisive, highly spiced, rhetorical, sometimes poetic and ingenious, and pervadingly sentimental. Moreover, he possesses, as his most prosperous tribute, that facility in writing fervid and banal melodies which, as Mr. Henry T. Finck has observed, 'give the singers opportunity to pour out their voices in that lavish volume and intensity which provoke applause as infallibly as horseradish provokes tears.'"

"Thus we find the public offered, on the one hand, the rapidly moving, easily intelligible, and passionate music-dramas of Puccini and his kin (which do not depend for their appeal, let it be noted, upon the popularity of the singers who appear in them); and, on the other hand, the delight of witnessing the vocal necromancy whereby such gifted singers as Mr. Caruso, Mr. Bonci, and Mme. Sembrich have succeeded in galvanizing the obsolescent works of the old school into a semblance of vitality; is it any wonder that, in face of these opposing attractions, the productions of Richard Wagner—which are indubitably not 'amusing,' as Mr. De Koven sadly observes—should languish in comparative desuetude?"

Mr. Gilman denies to "Puccini

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and his fellows" any musical superiority "that has equipped the feat of invading the kingdom wherein Wagner ruled in solitary magnificence. The possession of such power, Mr. Gilman thinks, is the possible implication of an earlier article in The North American Review by Mr. Reginald De Koven. The held has been won, Mr. De Koven said, by "more modern composers who have out-Wagnered Wagner in giving . . . newer, bolder, and more vivid musical sensations." The reference cannot be to Debussy, "that has equipped him for these men are still practically unknown. He grants that the crux of the matter does indeed lie with Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni, but he demurs to calling them 'bolder,' 'more vivid' than Wagner."

#### The Lady in the Moon

W HEN, at night, in by-paths  
lonely,  
Lovers wander forth to "spoon,"  
They believe they're noticed only  
By the old Man in the Moon.

He, of course, will "keep it shady"—  
He has troubles of his own.  
But within the moon's a lady,  
And her temper isn't known.

Do not think I'm talking vainly;  
Take a look, before you laugh.  
You can see her figure plainly  
In the great disc's eastern half.

Though with secrets he is laden,  
Never does the Moon-Man  
"peach"—  
What man would? But here's a  
maiden!

True, she seems bereft of speech.

Yet in these weird days of science  
They will be inventing, soon,  
Some new telephone-appliance  
To connect us with the moon.

Soon that lady will be getting  
Well acquainted at this end,  
And it's more than even betting  
That she'll have her "dearest  
friend."

All these ages she's been throttling  
Gossip that would make things  
hum;

There will be a grand unbotting  
When the word's no longer  
"Mum!"

They may take her deposition  
For a case or two in court;  
She may edit an edition  
Of some "yellow," just for sport.

Boys, how hot for you she'll make it!  
Girls, she'll have it in for you!  
And the worst of all, I take it,  
Is that what she'll tell is true.

So, I beg you, use discretion—  
Choose the darkest nights to  
"spoon."

Let you give a wrong impression  
To the Lady in the Moon.  
—Frank Roe Batchelder in Life.

"I guess pa must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green. "Why do you think so?" queried his ma. "Cause I heard him tell a man to-day that it cost him nearly \$300 to get his eye-tooth cut," replied Johnny.—Chicago News.

"Your husband says he works like a dog," said one woman. "Yes, it's very similar," answered the other. "He comes in with muddy feet, makes himself comfortable by the fire, and waits to be fed."—Washington Star.

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## ANEC DOTAL

TWO young persons had been engaged, had quarrelled; but were too proud to "make up." Furthermore, both were anxious to have it believed they had entirely forgotten each other.

One day the young man called, ostensibly on business with her father, on which occasion it chanced she should answer the door-bell.

The young man was game. "Pardon me," he said, with the politest of bows. "Miss Eaton, I believe. Is your father in?"

"I am sorry to say he is not," responded the young woman, without the slightest sign of recognition. "Do you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," replied the young man, as he turned to go down the steps.

"I beg your pardon," called the young woman, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

IN making a sharp turn, the rear end of a street-car struck an express-wagon laden with jugs of whiskey. Nearly all the jugs were precipitated to the pavement, with the natural disastrous result. The driver of the wagon alighted, and, pointing at the pile of demolished earthenware, said to a bystander, "That's hell, ain't it?"

The spectator, who happened to be a minister, replied, "Well, my friend, I don't know that I would say that, but it's at least the abode of departed spirits."

WHEN Dawson reached town the other day he was suddenly seized with a terrific toothache, and he repaired at once to a dentist. Investigation showed that the tooth was in such a condition that the only way to extract it comfortably was to put the sufferer under the influence of gas. Consequently Dawson threw himself back in the chair and the tube was applied. He did not succumb any too readily, but in the course of time he was sleeping peacefully, and the offending molar was removed.

"How much, doctor?" asked the patient after the ordeal was over.

"Ten, dollars," said the dentist, business being dull.

"Ten dollars?" roared Dawson.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and you required twice the ordinary amount of gas."

"Humph!" ejaculated Dawson, as he paid up. "Here's your money, but I tell you right now the next time I take gas from you you've got to put a meter on me."

THE worthy Sunday school superintendent of a certain Maryland town is also the village dry-goods merchant. He is as energetic and efficient in his religious as in his secular capacity. An amusing incident is told of his attempt to enlarge the scriptural knowledge of a class of little girls.

He had told most eloquently the lesson of the day, and at the conclusion he looked about the room and inquired encouragingly:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Slowly and timidly one little girl raised her hand.

"What is the question, Sally? Don't be afraid. Speak out."

The little girl fidgeted in her seat, twisted her fingers nervously, cast her eyes down; finally, in a desperate outburst, she put the question:

"Mr. Ward, how much are those gloves for girls in your window?"

GROVER CLEVELAND once declared that he was an optimist, but not an "if-ist."

"An if-ist," said Mr. Cleveland, "is a person who is a slave to the little word if, whereas an optimist hopes for the best in a sane manner. The if-ist is never quite sane. I once knew an if-ist who was lost in the Maine woods with a companion on a hunting expedition. As night came on they made camp, but, although they were hungry, they had shot no game and had nothing to eat. With a perfectly serious face this fellow looked at his companion and said:

"If we only had some ham, we'd have ham and eggs, if we only had some eggs!"

A MEEK-looking little man with a large pasteboard box climbed on the car. As he did so he bumped slightly into a sleepy, corpulent passenger with a self-satisfied look and two little dabs of side-whiskers. As the car rounded a curve the box rubbed against him again and he growled:

"This is no freight car, is it?"

"Nope," returned the meek little chap with the box, "and when you come right down to it, it ain't any cattle car either, is it?"

THERE was a suburban lady whose house, one summer, was quite overrun with moths. A tramp told her that, in return for a square meal, he would give her an infallible moth cure. She set a square meal before the tramp, he devoured it, then he said:

"All ye need to do, ma'am, is to hang yer moth-filled clothes and carpets and things on a line and beat 'em with a stick. Good-bye to yer moths then."

"Will that kill them?" asked the lady.

"Yes, if ye hit 'em," said the tramp.

"IS Mr. Bromley in?" asked the caller.

"He is not, sorr," Pat answered politely. "Shure he won't be in till four o'clock or mebbe after."

"Where's he gone?"

"He went to ride in his interim, sorr."

"His what?"

"His interim. 'Tis a tony name fer buggy, I'm thinking. Half an hour ago Mishter Bromley says to me, 'Pat,' says he, 'I'm expectin' Mishter Dobbs here some time this afternoon, but I guess he won't be after gittin' here yet awhile, so I'll go down in the interim. An' with that he druv off in his buggy.'"

THE automobile halted before the general store of the village. The owner-chauffeur alighted and accosted a drowsy clerk.

"I want a linen duster," he said.

"I am very sorry," said the clerk, "but we are just out of linen dusters. I can let you have a nice feather duster!"

"WELL, Bildad," said his neighbor the other morning, meeting Bildad on the street after his initiation into The Brotherhood, "did you tell Mrs. B— about your initiation?"

"Yes," said Bildad. "I told her how you rode me around the Square sitting backward on a goat. How you branded me on the small of my back with the motto of our brotherhood. How you made me jump into a tank full of water in my evening clothes. How you sat me in a basin with a couple of tooth-picks in my hand and made me row ashore. How you mixed tabasco sauce and vinegar in my lemonade, and made me drink it, and all the rest."

"Did she laugh?"

"No, indeed," said Bildad. "She got as mad as thunder. Women haven't any sense of humor, you know."

THE two little granddaughters of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were showing a new governess their treasures of house and garden. Behind a box-hedge they paused.

"This is the place where our birds are buried," said one of the children.

At the head of a tiny grave was placed a white board. Printed on it in irregular characters, with a lead pencil, were these words:

"Here lies our Robins; one a week old, one only an egg."

IN one of his burlesque sketches on English history Bill Nye, spoke of Julius Caesar's jumping into the water as he approached the English coast, wading ashore, running up to London, and walking through Regent street.

"An acquaintance of mine reported to me," said Mr. Nye, "that he had asked an Englishman how he liked the story. 'Not at all, not at all,' was the reply. 'That fellow Nye doesn't know what he's about. There wasn't any Regent street then, you know.'"

M. R. LANE, Mr. Hobart and Mr. Meek had been off fishing the day before. They had gone unexpectedly, from the post office where they met, and neither Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Hobart nor Mrs. Meek had been informed of their whereabouts until nightfall. "And it did beat all what poor luck we'd had!" said Mr. Lane, when the three friends met the next day.

"I tried to explain to Sadie that we kept staying in the hopes of fetching home something that would show why we'd stayed, but she said we'd acted like a parcel o' yearlings, and it would be one while before she'd have a hot apple pie for my dinner again, and dumplings. She ran me up-hill and down, I tell ye!"

"Marie spoke of my clothes," said Mr. Hobart, forlornly. "She pointed out the way the dampness had cockled that coat I had on. She said 't wouldn't ever be the same again, and if I knew of anybody that was going to spend summer days heating great irons and pressing out clothes for a man like me, she didn't!"

"Marthy never said a word," said Mr. Meek, as the other two men turned to him, but as they remarked with one accord, "That's the kind of wife to have!" Mr. Meek looked much depressed.

"The only trouble is," he added, "she hasn't spoken yet, and I don't know when she will."

A MAN having extensive mining claims in the gold-field region tells of a lucky "strike" that was made last year, a strike that proved to be of such promise that a goodly sized camp immediately sprang up around it.

The two principal mine owners were, respectively, an Irishman and a Jew; and as a compliment to these leading citizens the camp decided to leave to them the bestowal of a suitable name upon the new community.

There followed many conferences between the two, none of which resulted in an agreement. The Irishman stood out for a name that should suggest his native isle, while the Jew was just as insistent, on his part, for a name that should be suggestive of the chosen people. This deadlock continued so long that the rest of the camp grew restless, and finally insisted that there should be a compromise. So the new camp was called "Tipperusalem."

A N old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying:

"Dear Mither and Faither—Just wait another fortnight an' I'll come hame an' gang wi' ye. Your affectionate son."

M. R. FLETCHER was a plasterer and bricklayer. It was natural, therefore, that the chimney projecting from the roof of his one-storey cottage was in the last stages of dilapidation, and needed to be torn down and rebuilt. A hundred times or more Mrs. Fletcher had called his attention to it, and begged him to mend it, but he was always too busy. He would attend to it when he "got time."

At last there came a bright, clear day, when he had absolutely nothing to do, and his wife promptly suggested that he take up that long-delayed job and finish it.

"I just can't do it to-day, Emily," he said. "On a day like this I ought to be out hunting work." And he went out, and slammed the door behind him.

A few minutes after he had gone away a neighbor called and knocked at the front door. As Mrs. Fletcher admitted her, a terrific racket was heard on the roof.

"Goodness alive! What does that noise mean?" asked the caller.

"I think it means," said Mrs. Fletcher, with a smile, "that my husband has changed his mind."

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the other. "Does it always make a noise like that when he changes his mind?"

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## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

GENERAL SIR REGINALD POLE CAREW, K.C.B., C.V.D., and Lady Beatrice Pole Carew, who have been spending some time at the Queen's Hotel, visited Niagara and the Falls this week in Mr. William Mackenzie's private car. They were accompanied by Mr. Mackenzie and a small party.

The hot summer, which has been such a boom to the summer resorts, has been particularly favorable to lovely Muskoka, where one may be always sure of refreshing breezes and cool nights; every steamer on the beautiful lakes is crowded daily and last Saturday there seemed to be a general exodus of Toronto people to the numerous hotels and islands, to witness the Muskoka Lakes Annual Regatta, on the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty have gone to Woodington with their family for a long stay. Mr. Bruce Harman, who went up with Mr. Hagarty, has joined Miss Edith Harman and her fiancé, Mr. Challoner, and is staying on Lake Rosseau, behind the Royal. Mr. E. H. Bickford and his brother, Mr. Oscar Bickford, who recently arrived from England by the Empress, went up last week to potter about the lakes in a canoe and will eventually stay at the Royal. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thompson went up on Friday; Mrs. George MacMurrick has a house party which includes Miss Muriel Smellie. At the Royal Muskoka, which is in the full swing of the most successful season since its opening, the Toronto contingent is particularly large, and on entering the spacious rotunda one is surrounded on every side by familiar faces and welcoming voices. The tennis, golf and bathing are all particularly good at the Royal this season, and Mr. E. S. Glascoe, who is spending some weeks, is the leading spirit in all the sports. Pretty Mrs. Glascoe was greatly missed at the Saturday night dance at the Royal, being confined to her room by a sharp attack of bronchitis, during which she was devotedly nursed by Miss Lois Moyes, who wins as much affection by her sweet, unaffected manner as she gains honor and glory by her prowess on the tennis courts. Miss Moyes and Mr. Glascoe played a spirited set of doubles against Mr. Worts Smart and Mr. Arthur Massey on the perfectly kept clay court, on Saturday afternoon, when they were vigorously applauded by an excited crowd of spectators on the front verandah. Miss Moyes left this week for Montreal, where she is contesting the Championship of Canada on the Mount Royal courts. On Saturday morning Mr. Arthur Massey, playing the game of his life, won out in the men's handicap golf match, with the unprecedented net score of 27, which must be largely attributed to the excellence of his caddy, Mrs. Chandelier, who saw that each stroke was played according to Everard, and carefully kept the score. But even Mr. Massey's feat fades into insignificance before that performed by Mr. E. S. Glascoe, who drove a ball straight from the tee into the hole, before several reliable eye-witnesses, whose story, told with bated breath, is receiving general credence in Muskoka. Mr. Glascoe received no memento of the occasion, save the awe struck admiration of his friends, but Mr. Massey was duly presented with a costly penknife, in which are comprised all the comforts of home. Some other ardent golfers at the Royal are: The Messrs. McLeod, Mr. W. S. Hodgins, Mr. E. J. Lennox, Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. Moses, and a number of others, including Dr. Porter, who is playing a very strenuous game this season. Mrs. Worts Smart is another convert to golf this year and seems to thoroughly enjoy playing over the compact links, which are furnished with an exquisite background of lake and sky unequalled anywhere in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lennox are spending their annual holiday at the Royal Muskoka, accompanied by their two pretty young daughters, who are quite the belles of the hotel, taking everybody by storm with their totally different but equally fascinating types of beauty. The Royal is unusually well provided with musical and dramatic talent; both amateur and professional and impromptu concerts, assisted by the excellent orchestra, are the order of every evening. Some of the artists are: Miss Birdie Luttrell, Miss Angela Edwards, Mrs. Hodgins (formerly Miss Gertrude Mackenzie), Mrs. Glascoe, Mrs. Massey, Mr. McLeod, who excels in Harry Lauder's songs; and Miss Jaffray, of New York, who is with Mrs. McLeod's party. One evening last week a more formal concert was given in the dining room by Miss Angela Edwards, medalist and graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, assisted by Miss Birdie Luttrell, reader, and Mr. Rochet, accompanist. On Sunday morning service was held in the rotunda, where Miss Edwards' rendering of Gounod's "There is a Green Hill" was very much enjoyed. Col. and Mrs. J. B. Maclean are at the Royal, where Mrs. Maclean is rapidly convalescing, after her recent serious illness. Mrs. W. B. Maclean, of St. George street, and Mrs. Willie Lee are also making a long visit and were joined by their husbands for the week end and the regatta on Monday. Baron von Nettelbladt, of Buffalo, and his guest, Mr. William Souter, the clever actor, were over at the Royal on Saturday evening to look on at the dance, and, after being detained all night by the heavy rain, their departure, attired in evening dress, early on Sunday morning, excited great interest. Baron Nicolaus von Nettelbladt, who has also been staying in Muskoka, came down to Toronto on Sunday, and proceeded to New Ontario later in the week. He was accompanied on the journey from Muskoka by Mr. Albert Dymont, who, with his family, is summering on Lake Rosseau. On Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, who are making a tour of the lakes in a launch, blew into the Royal for dinner, accompanied by Mrs. Soames, of Winnipeg, and her little daughter, Honor. Some others in on Sunday were: Mrs. Miller Lash, Miss Muriel Smellie, and Mr. F. J. Phillips and his daughters, who are at their island, three miles from the Royal. Toronto's Scotch faction is well represented at the Royal by Mrs. and Miss Nairn and Mrs. Michie and two of her daughters, Miss Sophie Michie and Mrs. Frank Cowan, who intend remaining until the end of the season, as the Muskoka air is benefiting Mrs. Michie so much. Mrs. T. B. Taylor, with her lovely daughter, Evelyn, arrived in time for the Saturday dance, also Mr. and Mrs. Sproule Smith, Mr. Hewett Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Larkin, Mr. Henry Macdonald, with his sisters, Mrs. J. H. Robinson, of Little Rock, Arkansas, Miss Elfred and Miss Georgie Macdonald; Mr. Yorick Ryerson, Mr. Charles Buchanan and Mrs. H. B. Morphy, who each came up from Toronto to see their bright particular star; Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. L. S. Morrison, Mr. Proctor, Mr. J. F. Beatty, Miss Branscombe, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. James, Mr. L. M. Hill, Mr. A. E. Webb, Mrs. J. G. Beatty and Miss Sewell, Mr. Bert Brown, Miss F. Davies, Mr. V. R. Ide, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. H. A. Smith, Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. McPhillips, Miss Goodwin, Mr. Frank Dalton, Mr. J. S. McKinnon,

Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and her two handsome little sons; Miss Adelaide and Miss Elfreda Merner, the Misses Proctor, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. J. W. Cowan, Miss K. L. Cowan Mr. F. S. Phillips, the Misses Phillips, Mrs. Gooderham, Miss Irene Woods, Mrs. R. E. Carter, Mr. H. A. Smith, Mrs. Lee; Miss Luttrell and Miss Proctor, another of Toronto's talented young girls, have just signed contracts to appear as two of the "little maids," in a forthcoming production of "The Three Little Maids," by one of Frohman's companies.

Her Excellency the Countess Grey is leaving to spend the remainder of the summer in England. Capt. Newton, A.D.C., and Mr. Leveson Gower are also going to England this month.

Sir John Barron (Yorkshire, England) is at the Queen's Hotel this week, also Lady Mary Leith and her son. Lady Mary Leith was the guest of Mrs. Mackenzie at Benvenuto for a few days before joining her son at the Queen's.

Lord Bruce, eldest son of Lord Elgin and Kincardin, formerly Viceroy of India, was in town this week and lunched with Col. Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt on Sunday.

Madame Pierre de Raynal is staying at the Queen's Hotel, on her way to Vancouver.

Mrs. Andrew Smith, who is spending some weeks at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, celebrated her birthday on Friday evening by giving a bridge party and supper, the prize being won by Mrs. Samuel Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith and Mrs. Score went over from Toronto to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty motored down from the Falls on Sunday and lunched at the Queen's Royal. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Miller, with Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, went over to Niagara for the week end in the yacht, Cruiser II., and were in the Queen's Royal lobby at the tea hour on Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Catto also spent the week end at the Queen's. Some of the Toronto women who went over to take part in the Queen's Royal bridge tournament were: Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Reade and Mrs. Jamieson. Mrs. Beatty was the fortunate winner of one of the handsome prizes.

Dr. O'Reilly sailed this week by the Southwark, for England, and will be away for two months, during which time he will visit Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnson and Miss Jessie Johnson, who are at present in Scotland, will return to London, before sailing for Canada next week. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have been the guests of honor at innumerable entertainments during their stay in London, where they have thoroughly enjoyed their visit.

The Hon. George A. Cox is staying with his daughter, Mrs. Davies, at Glen Oak, Stoney Lake.

Madame Le Grand Reed, the charming prima donna, is staying at Mimico for a time.

The Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Ranfurly were among the passengers sailing for England by the Virginian this week.

Miss Campbell is staying with Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones at Couchiching.

The marriage of Miss Albertina D. Corti to Mr. John J. Corti takes place on September 7.

Lady Mary Leith sailed for Canada by the Empress of Britain last week. Mr. W. H. Cawthra, of Toronto, was also among the passengers.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Kerr to Mr. Jack Hartly, of Kingston, will probably take place in the autumn. Another wedding of the early autumn will be that of Miss Frances Heron and Mr. Waldie.

Col. Denison stayed at the Windsor, in Montreal, on his way home to Toronto from Quebec. Some other Torontonians at the Windsor last week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Denton, Mr. J. S. Gibbons and Mr. Gustave Hahn.

Major Bethune passed through Toronto this week en route for his home in Vancouver, after attending the celebrations in Quebec.

Mrs. Minnehan, who is spending the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake, was in town this week, staying with Mrs. Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bastedo are at Cobourg, the guests of Mrs. Bastedo's father, Capt. Walker.

Mr. and the Misses Creelman are at the seaside for the summer.

Mrs. Wallbridge, of Madison avenue, and Miss Janie Wallbridge have returned to Toronto.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, is the guest of the Hon. George Foster, at Knowlton.

Mrs. Fred Burrett is holidaying at Southampton.

Mrs. O. B. Sheppard is staying with her daughter, Mrs. McWilliams, at Gore's Landing.

Mrs. Percy Galt and Miss Galt are at Little Metis.

Mrs. E. T. Malone returned to Canada by the S.S. Southwark, this week.

Miss Vera Morgan is staying with Miss Mary Gzowski, at Port Carling, Muskoka.

Mrs. Irving M. Madison is staying with Mrs. Villiers Sankey, at her Island cottage.

Miss Aileen Robertson has returned from a visit to Mrs. Schoenberger, at Rice Lake. Others up there are: Miss Beatrice Spragge, Miss Joan Arnoldi and Miss Errol Nordheimer, whose marriage to Mr. Edward Houston takes place this autumn.

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## The Timber Cruiser's Close Call

A Little Out-of-Doors Story  
of the West

by B. W. MITCHELL

"PLEASE Be Careful of Fire, and be Sure the Fire is all out Before You Leave, and Oblige Everybody."

This quaint notice, laboriously penciled in a blaze on a giant cedar (*arbor vitae*) looked admonishingly down upon our little camp in the Big Bend of the Columbia river. It is here yet a primeval wild; but no nook along the banks or in the huge foot hills, no timbered recess of the high Selkirk, was so hidden as remote that the square-hewn timber claim stakes did not stare us in the face, a rude record penciled on each, with often a warning against the dreaded fire. We lay around the camp fire fighting mosquitoes and no sec-ems, each deeming himself favored of fortune when the smoke drifted his way. Virgil, Dante and Milton have left us vivid and startling descriptions of hell; but not one of them has added to the torments by peopling it with British Columbia mosquitoes. Yet, despite the pests, we had that delicious sense of isolation which comes to a man far back in the Big Woods with a congenial friend. The icy Columbia rushed past with vicious hissings, a green white flood turbid with glacial silt.

Suddenly, hugging the opposite bank, a canoe came in sight creeping inch by inch upstream, gaining slowly on the fierce current under the powerful strokes of two skilled paddlers. They labored on a hundred yards above our camp, then turning the canoe's bow into the swirl and swirl, swept across in swift diagonal and leaped ashore at our snudge.

"Hello, boys," called a cheery voice, "back again where you have room to breathe."

It was Puffie, and that name means a good deal in the Big Bend, for Puffie is one of the best of the trappers and timber cruisers who yearly plunge into the unknown from Revelstoke to woo fortune for timber or fur—and sometimes to win, facing the white hardship and adventure to try the stoutest nerve.

Comfort reigned around that little camp at that evening; pipes were smoked and tea was brewed, material accompaniments to chat and cheer. Then some one asked a question; just what, is immaterial; only the answer matters.

"Boys," said Puffie seriously, "I thought last winter I was out of it. Close call, you ask? Well, pretty close, I had started out from Revelstoke with the usual outfit, a twenty-five foot Peterboro loaded down to about the six-hundred-pound limit with all my traps. I went away up canoe river and had been having pretty good luck, when, boys, I played the fool. I got in a hurry. I took overlong nikes and ate cold grub to save time. We fellows don't dare do that. No man in the winter woods can stand cold grub; he must cook well and take his rest. Then it doesn't matter if he has to wade creeks and sleep wet and live wet days at a time; he can resist it, he's got the fuel in him. We have a rule that when we get in a hurry, we must camp a whole day and think it over. When I found myself going, I did camp and think it over, but I guess I was a bit late about it. I dug Oregon grape and princess pine and boiled them down for blood tonic and was lucky enough to find some foxglove for my heart, which had begun to kick too hard when I climbed. Then I hurt my foot before the roots had put me in shape, and when I found a toe black one morning I knew I must pull for down river. I cached my stuff and started. I had to hurry then. All day I snowshoed, biting hard on a bit of pine to forget the pain. Nights I'd find a hollow cedar log, cut holes in it about ten feet apart for draft, kindle a fire at the end, and lie down on the log. When the fire had burned up to the draft hole at my foot, I moved up another hole. When I couldn't find a log, I'd dig a pit in the snow, kindle a brush fire in it and sleep at the edge of the ashes. I reached Smith Creek all right, and by then my whole foot was black. Boys—may I live to forget it—I fell in crossing that Creek; fell in over head and ears, in ice water, and nothing between me and Revelstoke to help me. If I stopped, beside the certainty of freezing, I knew my hurt would never let me start again; and I didn't think I could keep going. I felt I was gone, but I resolved I'd die hard and play the game through. Off I hiked on the raquettes; awful going it was, the pain killing me by inches

and every rag on me frozen solid. Night came; I kept on like a madman, for I dared not stop a second. If I drowned an instant, I was dead. I reached White's cabin; all nature urged me to go in for a rest. I had reason enough left to know it would be my last rest, so I hit the trail steady with an awful limp. I prayed Kelly might be in his cabin, but it was cold and shut. When I reached Mosquito Landing I was dying, but the thought of only six miles more kept me going. When I had been hiking steady for forty-two hours, I fell into my own door and things swam and went dark. It was three months even to crutches. The sawbones all said I'd die; but didn't I fool 'em? Going out again next winter? Sure. I've got to go back for that cache. A man must live, you know."—From The Outing Magazine for August.

### When the Eastbound Express Goes By.

This piece of newspaper verse is taken from the current issue of The Saturday Sunset, of Vancouver. It was evidently intended for publication last spring, or next. However, the references to ice and snow in the east are refreshing during the present hot spell.

AN April sun shines out to kiss  
The daisies, snowy white;  
While the "Lions" grim, and the In-  
let dim

Are bathed in a fairy light;  
The pussy willows have turned to  
gold

And the bumble bee's dull hum—  
As he seeks each bower and sips  
each flower—

All whisper that "Summer has  
come!"

Here on the Coast, we all contend,  
Is the very best place on earth,  
But that's no reason for "singing  
small"

Of the place that gave us birth.  
And many there be who grow quick-  
ly grave

And think with a smothered sigh,  
Of the "little old home" away back  
there

When the eastbound express goes  
by.

The papers tell us they still have  
snow

In the land where we used to be,  
But a week or two of a good warm  
rain

And the grass they again will see.  
While the snowdrops and tulips and  
daffodils

Vancouver's lawns adorn—  
Great Scott—can it be that we are  
so far

From the land where we were  
born?

The Georgian Bay, where the flocks  
now drift,  
And Owen Sound, no doubt  
joins in with Meaford in wishing

"Soon we will see the ice go out!"  
While here in our summer solitude  
We are wishing, you and I,  
We could have that feeling for one  
whole day,

When the eastbound express goes  
by.

Looking back over the road we came,  
The distance seems petty and  
small,

Some twenty-nine hundred and ninety  
miles

Between us and Montreal.  
Once you have crossed the Great  
Divide,

And over the prairies slip,  
It almost seems as if one could see  
From there to the end of the trip.

And yet on the other hand, some-  
times,

The thoughts occurs to a man,  
This water is the same that flows  
And there's nothing of and account  
between—

So, perhaps, that's the reason why  
A fellow feels lonely—and far from  
home—

When the eastbound express goes  
by.

—A. W. Sills.

### Mush-a-Roons.

PHOEBE came in from the far  
pasture with her apron full of  
odd-looking discs, whitey gray on  
top, a delicate pink below. A faint  
odor, woodsey and rich—an odor  
which was not the odor of a plant  
or an animal or a fruit, but which  
suggested each of them—floated in-  
to the room with her.

She stood beside the old man and  
spread her apron wide.

"Is them mush-a-roons er toad-  
stools, Uncle?"

Twilight pushed his spectacles up  
on his forehead and took up one of  
the specimens. He examined each  
specimen sharply and deftly, like a  
floor-walker looking for hidden sale  
marks, and then like every intelli-  
gent animal, he made the final and  
deciding test of smell.

"Yes," he said, "they be mush-a-  
roons all right, all right. Where'd you  
get um? You've gotta be mighty  
keerful with these here kind uv  
things. Where'd you get um? They  
are nice ones. Yer aunt Lucy'll tell  
you how to rig um up fer the table.  
—where'd you get um? Down by the

beaver-dam, eh? Allus was a good  
place fer mush-a-roons.

"Allus bring yer mush-a-roons to  
me," continued the old gentleman,  
holding the tall, smiling girl by the  
skirt. "Allus bring um to me. Lots  
uv people git pizened with mush-a-  
roons, but then they ain't mush-a-  
roons—they's toadstools. A toadstool  
is like religion—you kain't tell whe-  
ther it's a mush-a-roon er not till  
you air dead. Dang! We have the  
nat'ral world, an' the scientific world,  
an' the political world an, so on, an'  
the social world, an' so forth, an' we  
hev the religious world. What's yer  
hurry? Wait a minute. We hev the  
religious world. That there world is  
jest thick with theological fungus;  
an' a hull lot of them is toadstools.  
Well, lots of people eat them air  
toadstools thinkin' all the time that  
they are gettin' the pure quill, the  
real thing, the genuine article, an'  
they don't find out the difference till  
they go to heaven, er the other place,  
er the interjeit state if they hev  
any luck.

"I am prepared to admit, Phoebe,  
that it is a dang hard proposition  
to tell the difference 'twixt a theo-  
logical mush-a-roon and a theologi-  
cal toadstool till you've et it. You've  
got to swally it. They look so much  
alike, by ginger, that they will fool  
an expert sometimes, an' he gits piz-  
ened if he don't watch out. The  
papers every now an' then print a  
piece tellin' you how to tell a mush-  
a-roon when you see one. It is a  
waste of space. Book-learnin' ain't  
no use in that connection; you hev  
to hev a pain under yer belt an' be  
sick a day er two in order to sharpen  
yer intelleck on the mush-a-roon  
question.

"Phoebe, half the creeds are toad-  
stools, an' there is no creed that I  
kin recollect that hasn't got a few  
toadstools scattered into it, any-  
ways. Eternal punishment is a toad-  
stool, an' infant damnation is an-  
other toadstool—in short. Phoebe,  
the devil himself is a toadstool. He  
has been depicted in all kinds of  
shapes and characters, but Ole Man  
Toadstool hills the bill. He's always  
trying ter to look like a mush-a-roon  
an' to catch the onwary. Sometimes  
he looks more like a mush-a-roon  
than the real things do. By the  
livin' farmer, we've got to pray  
without ceasin' that the Lord give us  
good noses an' an accurate taste.  
The world is full of spiritual sick-  
ness an' sudden deatn. Millions of  
folks are falling by the wayside.  
They hev been eatin' toadstools—  
dang! An' jest because they was  
plentiful an' mush-a-roons was  
scarce; jest because they looked so  
nice an' invitin' while the real thing  
was hidden in out-of-the-way places,  
an' sometimes they had to go through  
thorns an' thistles to get to them.

"The Lord told the young man  
that he would have to sell all his  
goods an' give the money to the poor  
if he wanted fer to folly Him. That  
was too much uv a mush-a-roon for  
his nibs. He went back to his toad-  
stools, an' that was the last of him.  
Eh?

"Skin 'em, Phoebe, skin 'em; lay  
'em on their backs, put a pat uv but-  
ter in the middle of each of 'em, an'  
cook slow."—The Khan in the Ham-  
ilton Herald and the Toronto Star.

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visible to them, and that they varied  
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ing to the possessing emotion.

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so as to move in horizontal rotation  
to right or left with perfect free-  
dom. About one-third of an inch be-  
low this is a circular horizontal card,  
divided into 360 degrees, which rests  
on a glass bobbin having an exte-  
rior diameter of two inches and rest-  
ing itself upon the wooden stand.  
This glass bobbin has been wrapped  
round with alternate layers of blot-  
ting-paper and fine iron wire. The  
result is to produce a mobile needle  
that can rotate horizontally immedi-  
ately above a circular card divided  
into 360 degrees.

Various other contrivances, such  
as the sthenometer, have been de-  
vised, but all on the same general prin-  
ciples. The biometer consists of a  
copper needle, the sthenometer of a  
suspended straw, both completely en-  
closed in glass.

Now, when the right hand is ad-  
vanced to within about one inch of  
the cylinder, and there retained from  
three to five minutes, no one else  
standing near, and the experimenter

neither moving nor talking, the needle  
is rotated through twenty to sixty  
degrees, remains fixed for a time, and  
then returns to the starting-point.  
The same occurs when the left hand  
is advanced. There is no possibility  
of illusion. It can be done whether  
the room be dark or light, cold or  
hot, quiet or noisy.

Experiments made by professors of  
the Psychological Institute of France  
have radically excluded the possi-  
bility of any form of electric force  
being the moving agent. It is also  
clear that the movement is not due  
to heat, for it occurs equally what-  
ever the temperature of the room or  
of the hand. The inventor of the  
sthenometer has experimented with  
his machine over a period of six  
years, and all that he can say is that  
it measures "nerve force." The cause  
of the movement of the needle or  
straw remains unknown.

What is known, however, is that  
in sickness it will not move at all.  
In health the right hand registers  
about forty-two degrees and the left  
thirty-one degrees; but the left hand  
is the one that, in case of ill health,  
produces the greatest variation.

Now come in the mystics. "It is  
vibratory ether projected from the  
body in various ways, according to  
the state of health," they claim. Men  
who possess spiritual gifts have  
"seen" this emanation. It consists,  
they tell us, of innumerable hairs,  
or rather fine tubes, each of which  
is filled with a reddish fluid. In  
health the hairs stand out at right  
angles to the body; in feeble health  
they droop and fall downward; while  
in any form of mental trouble, con-  
scious or unconscious, they are tang-  
led in masses as in a quickest hedge.  
These appearances have been photo-  
graphed by placing the hand over a  
prepared sensitive plate in the dark-  
ness!

One thing is clear; the sthe-  
nometer and biometer bring us face to  
face with a new force whose nature  
is unknown to science.—Harper's  
Weekly.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

BIRTHS.

PRATT—At Belwood, Ont., July 10,

to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Pratt, a  
daughter.

EMMERSON—In Toronto, July 21,  
to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Emerson,  
a son.

STRINGER—In Toronto, July 14,  
to Right Rev. J. O. Stringer, Bishop  
of Yukon, and Mrs. Stringer, a  
son, Wilfrid Dawson.

MONTAGUE—At Winnipeg, Aug. 3,  
to Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Montague,  
a daughter.

DACK—At Bawlf, Alta., July 21,  
the wife of L. A. S. Dack, mgr. Cana-  
dian Bank of Commerce, Hardisty,  
of a daughter.

JEFFREY—In Toronto, Aug. 3, to  
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jeffrey, a  
daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

BEATTIE—LAIDLAW—In Toron-  
to, Aug. 5, Minnie Louise, daugh-  
ter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw,  
to Alfred William Beattie, M.D.,  
of Belmont, Ont.

BLACK—BRECKEN—In Toronto,  
Aug. 4, Kate E. Brecken, daughter  
of the late Rev. Ralph Brecken,  
D.D., to Dr. William A. Black, both  
of Toronto.

LAWSON—LAND—At Niagara  
Falls South, Adelaide Louise,  
daughter of Mr. Abel Land, to Nor-  
man Armstrong Lawson, of Los  
Angeles, Cal.

BASHFORD—PAFFARD—At Bal-  
four, B.C., July 19, Bertha May,  
daughter of Henry Paffard, Esq.,  
Lumsden, Sask., to Robert James  
Bashford, son of Rev. Robert Bash-  
ford, Colchester, Eng.

### DEATHS.

BURROWS—At Lindsay, Ont., July  
31, P. Palmer Burrows, M.D., in  
his 67th year.

TELFER—At Ogden, Utah, July 3,  
John Ernest Telfer, son of the late  
Mr. Hall Telfer, Collingwood, Ont.,  
aged 39 years.

RAE—In Chicago, Aug. 2, Francis T.  
Rae, son of the late Dr. Francis  
Rae, of Oshawa, in his 37th year.

LUGSDIN—In Toronto, Aug. 3, Wil-  
liam L. Lugsdin, in his 74th year.

"Yes," said the serious man, "this  
race problem certainly is a serious  
matter." "That's right," replied the  
sporty one; "no matter what system  
o' bettin' you follow you can't beat  
'em."—Philadelphia Press.



Nurse (to Johnnie, who had run into the road and miraculously escaped  
a violent death): "If you do that again, I'll kill yer!"—Punch.



# THE WRATH AND THE WRAITH OF ANGUS MACCIEFECHAN

A GOLFING SKETCH

IF Tom Bigbee had not been a conscientious man his gold would not have hurt him so much. But he was cursed with a conscience, a New England conscience of five generations of accumulated power and intensified energy, a conscience with fangs that bit and claws that scratched; and whenever he plodded over the course and went through the motions which showed that he was trying to play the game, that conscience accumulated a store of reproaches which lasted many days.

St. Andrew has truly said in his *Apologia* (Chap. VII., Sec. 23), "*Duffer in golfis non est propter duffer in omnibus*"; which may be freely translated that even if a man is a duffer at golf, that fact does not prove him a duffer at everything in the wide, wide world. Probably no other diction has afforded so much consolation to us poor players. To Tom Bigbee this merciful pronouncement meant nothing. He wanted to be champion at everything. He could swim like a manatee and run like a shadow. He rowed a good oar. Mike said he was one of the best amateur middleweights that ever put on a glove. But at golf! Well, he had the limit handicap, twenty strokes, at the Sclaffersdale Country Club, and all men know that the Sclaffersdale champions never burned the grass off any greens. For the last ten days Tom had been staying at the club, religiously practising drives, brasses and approaches all morning, and doing eighteen or twenty-seven holes every afternoon. The Gold Goblet Competition Handicap, for the best eighteen holes at medal play, was coming on, and Tom thought that by superhuman effort and a bit of luck his handicap might carry him through. He strove. He lived the life of an anchorite. The more he tried, the worse he grew. This afternoon he had made the circuit of the links in one long round of hooks, slices, flubs and fozzles generally, and his score was 106!

It was long after dinner, and Tom had, with difficulty, escaped from moist and merry souls who offered to sit up all night and tell him how to improve his game, for he was a good fellow, and every one liked him. Now he was sitting up in the big room he had occupied during the period of training, and with a long spoon was trying to remove a superfluous piece of ice from his nightcap. The tall old clock in the hall below slowly boomed out a deep nine—ten—eleven—twelve! and somehow in Tom's mind the tinkle of the ice against the side of the glass became a mocking arpeggio to the tragic theme the clock was so sadly proclaiming:—Doom! doom! doom! Tom was drowsily trying to reconcile the frivolous arpeggio with the solemn theme, when he suddenly became aware of a sound that made him sit bolt upright in his chair and throw out his right hand so suddenly, as if to ward off a blow, that his nightcap went splash-splash on the floor.

"Ech! ech!" said a dry, thin, melancholy voice. "Eh, sir! dinna fash yersel! I've no come to do ye harm. I've come to do ye gude."

Tom saw in the farthest corner of the room a sight that froze his tongue and wrung his throat dry. There was a tall, vague patch of lightness in the gloom, that seemed at first to be a mere blurr of grayish phosphorescent mist, and yet as he looked it closely took on somehow the height, the bulk, the shape, the luminous sad eyes, the high cheek bones, and even the wiry whiskers of him who had been Angus MacEcclefechan, late professional at the Sclaffersdale Country Club. Bigbee's eyes goggled at the apparition and his jaw sagged.

"Goo-good evening, Angus," he forced his quivering lips to say, "I hup-hope you're vuv-vuy-very well this evening."

"Aye, vera weel, I thank you, Muster Bigbee," replied a thin voice that grated like the scraping of a frosted twig on a window-pane. "Verra weel, I thank ye, sir; though I fear I see ye but poorly yersel!"

"A little over the edge; perhaps a trifle stale," said honest Bigbee, forcing himself to treat Angus like mere mortal man. And here let it be observed that not the least trying thing in a dialogue with a ghost is the keeping up of the polite yet necessary pretence that one takes him for a living man. Nothing irritates a shade quite so much as to have his interlocutor murmur conventional dronings at him as one does when near the dead. The way to make a hit with a ghost is to be

cheerful with him. Be sprightly, but don't be too sprightly. "Muster Bigbee," asked the apparition, "how'd ye like to play this course in bogey or verra near it?" "Eh?" cried Bigbee. "Do it in bogey? I? You mean ME? Ha! ha! Not bad for a gh— I mean to say that's a good joke. Good for you old Angus!"

"Na, na, mon. I'm no jokin'," said the apparition with increasing solemnity. "The Scotch never waste valuable time on jokes, an' mairover I'm a departed speirit, an' we dinna joke in th' t'ither warld. Come, now, Muster Bigbee, I'm seekin' to do ye a gude turn. It's true that your game of gowf helpit to bring down in sorrow me grray hairs to the grrave; but I'm no heedn' that; for ye were ever a wullin' worker an' t'ryin' yer best to lairrn. Forbye ye took a muckle lessons frae me, an' paid me weel, an' ye had a braw cigar an' a bit dram an' aye a kind word for auld Angus. Come, Muster Bigbee; come out on th' course, an' I'll teach ye gowf as ye were never tocht afore."

"But I don't understand," Bigbee began, feeling a faint glow of hope and speaking half to himself. "I don't see how—"

"Look ye, sir," the ghost urged. "Naeboddy kens better than you that gowf is a game o' the soul rather than of the body. Eh? Ay; 'tis weel settled. Verra gude, then. Where is gowf as weel kennt as in th' t'ither warld? Ay, verily. Since I departed this life—that is to say, warldly existence—I hae communed wi' the speerits of auld Tom Morris, and William Kirkcaldy and his Majesty King James, and one Patterson, a shoemaker wha beat his Majesty by four an' three, an' oh, a muckle wise fathurs o' the game. They hae tellt me evrathing aboot the ground art an' mysteries o't. Forbye they hae tocht me the whole secret o' teachin' it. Eh, mon, arre ye no comin' oot on the green?"

If we could test in a psychometer the relative forces of normal man's fear of ghosts and the golf-duffer's hunger to learn the game, we should find that the latter outweighs the former by at least ten to one. Judge then, with what alacrity Tom Bigbee exchanged smooth slippers for rough golf shoes, and, without waiting to improve his costume of pyjamas, seized his bag of clubs, and followed old Angus MacEcclefechan out to the third tee.

They did not start from the first tee, for fear of disturbing the moist and formerly merry souls in the dining-room, who had now grown quite sad, and were assuring a sleeping world, in quavering close harmony, that they dreamt that their Bonnie was dead. They were also requesting some individual—name not specified—to bring back, bri-ling back, bring back their Bonnie to them, to them. One soul in pain seemed to be weeping.

Bigbee, having pinched his arm and made sure he was awake, took keen note of everything the ghost of Angus MacEcclefechan did. In life the tall, gaunt old boy walked with scooped shoulders and a long, sweeping stride. So did the ghost, Tom observed, and made a special mental note of it, so that in telling the fellows next day he might mention this proof that habits are strong enough to follow us even into the next world. In the brilliant light of the harvest moon the ghostly shape of MacEcclefechan was almost invisible, yet the voice, though it seemed husky, was piercing as ever.

"I'll be frank wi' ye, Muster Bigbee," it was saying. "'Tis not all gratitude to you that has broocht me back frae the warld ayont. I vowed I'd get even wi' that prood upstart, Muster Grimmscow, the president o' the club, in this warld or the next, an' here I am to keep ma vow. What! Ye didna ken? He niver bocht a club o' me in all his life; ay, and he had the daft audacity to bring oot a strange professional to give him lessons—on my ain course, mind ye! Bah! Th' upstart! Come, sir, try yer drive!"

Until the moon sank below the horizon Tom Bigbee played around with his wise and phosphorescent teacher. Old Angus used the ghosts of all the golf balls he had drowned in water hazards and the ghosts of all his pet clubs—even the old mid-iron from North Berwick with the rose stamped on its back and the ghost of its old cracked shaft still bound up with ghostly black twine. How had these material things passed into the next world? Let the psychological researchers tell. I neither know nor care, for I simply tell the tale as 'twas told to me by Tom.

At the first cockcrow the shadowy MacEcclefechan smiled benignantly upon his old pupil, wished him the best of luck, and vanished, leaving only a slight whiff of phosphorus in the calm air to suggest that he had been present. Tom Bigbee hurried back to the club-house and slept till

noon. Then he arose, dressed very slowly, and breakfasted alone, wondering meantime whether or not the whole thing was a dream. But all the doubts left him when he stood on the first tee at two o'clock, and in the presence of a large gallery drove the ball far and sure across the deep valley so that it lay dead on the green two hundred and thirty yards away. Never in all his years of striving had he done such a pretty piece of work. Certainly some influence other than his own grasp of the game was helping him. He became too confident at times, and over-approached, and missed putts through sheer happy carelessness, but his long game was a delight to the soul of everyone who saw it. Charley Rathborne, who played the round with him, became so elated at Tom's good fortune that he flubbed his own score far up above a hundred, but he grinned with delight as he certified the card, and the crowd around the bulletin board on the edge of the home green forgot all about the rules of golf, and shattered the sacred silence with hand-clappings and cheers when the secretary wrote: T. Bigbee, 81—20 =61.

There was only one unhappy man in the whole clubful—Mr. J. Wellington Grimmscow, the president. By dint of self-assertion and a certain sort of underhanded tact he had coerced the handicap committee into allowing him twelve strokes—far more than a player of his excellence should have received. He smiled in triumph as he handed the secretary his card: 76—12=64. The smile soured as his glance fell upon Tom Bigbee's record.

"Wha-a-at the dickens!" he exclaimed. "Something queer about that. Why, my caddy told me that the greenkeeper told him that when he went out to look at the ground-mole traps at three o'clock this morning he saw Bigbee wandering around the course in his pyjamas, pie-eyed, waving clubs and talking to himself."

This is the true tale of how Tom Bigbee won the Gold Goblet, and how the pride of J. Wellington Grimmscow had a fall, and how the wraith of auld Angus MacEcclefechan wreaked its revenge.—William Inglis in Harper's Weekly.

## The Bright Eyes of Danger.

BRIGHT eyes, that draw me on To the brink of flood or fire, Now flashing near—now gone; Spurring to keen desire, Goading to mad endeavor, Charm me, allure me, forever! Now as the eyes of a maid, Drooping, and half-afraid, Searching, as veiled eyes can, The very heart of a man; Vanishing fading—and then Drawing closer, closer again, With a sudden flaming grace, To stare me full in the face; Now, with a daring boast, Laughing all fear aside; Now as the eyes of a ghost, Haggard, and frozen wide, Fixed in horror and dread, Eyes, however ye gleam, Ye are the lights of my dream, Wild as the marsh-fires, flitting and dancing ahead!

So let me follow, follow, Over all lands of the world; The deserts, barren and hollow, Where the waste rocks are hurled; The swirling floods of the sea; The fields of storm and strife, Wherever the soul rides free On a hazard of death or life; Wherever a man may go For chances of bliss or woe, Waiting the turn of the hour, Watchful, swift, debonair, Borne on the tides of power, Finding all fortunes fair; There let me roam or bide, To stress and toil no stranger; There let me follow my guide, The soul-lit eyes of danger— Let me woo, as a man may woo his bride, The great, wild heart of danger! —Marion Conthouy Smith, in Youth's Companion.

## To a Hurdy-Gurdy

HERE'S to you, brave Hurdy-Gurdy, Grinding out your happy tune, Whilst the traffic round you rumbles In the city's summer noon.

No one hears you! Yet the rapture That you feel, despite our faults, As you gaily give the measure Of the latest merry waltz!

Frams are rolling all about you— How the Elevated roars! And above their noise and tumult Your thin twanging vainly soars.

'Good for you, poor Hurdy-Gurdy! Play, unheard, your little part; Would that I could sing as you do, With but half as brave a heart!

—August Smart Set.

## There is only one

# BOVRIL

Let the children have their way. They want BOVRIL. They need BOVRIL. BOVRIL is beef in its simplest and most condensed form. Easily digested, quickly assimilated.



# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

(THE GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE)



"FOR FEAST DAYS & EVERY DAY"

## Niagara-on-the-Lake

THE two days' bridge tournament at the Queen's Royal was a great success. So many players wished to enter the lists that tables on the broad verandahs were called into requisition and the game went merrily on. Guests from Cleveland, Buffalo, Toronto, Hamilton, Virginia, Niagara and other places played all through the tournament, which was said to have been very interesting, especially for the many spectators who did not play the game. Very handsome bracelets for the ladies and beautiful silver photo frames for the men were the prizes, the first prize being carried off by Mrs. G. Fleischman and Mr. Hostetter, while the second was won by Mrs. Beatty and Mr. Wilborn.

On Wednesday, July 29, a ladies' handicap was played on the Queen's Royal links, many players entering. Miss Chrysler and Miss McGill tied for the eighteenth hole, and afterwards played off, when Miss McGill won. The prize for the event was given by Mrs. Thompson. The usual tea and putting contest on Friday was very gay, the lucky winner being Mrs. Mann (Buffalo). Some of those present were: Mrs. Willie Ince, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Hollway, Mrs. Stikeman, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. West, Mrs. Griener, Mrs. E. Bickford, Mrs. MacBeth, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Ingles, Mrs. Horne, Miss Moon, Miss McGill, Miss Chrysler, Miss F. Heward, Miss Rice, Miss Miller, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. May, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Gearey, Mr. Cole, Mr. Horne, Mr. McRoberts, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Griener, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. Kaiper and others.

Miss Katie Miller has returned to Toronto.

The Hon. J. J. Foy and the Misses Foy left town last week to spend ten days on Lake Temagami.

Mrs. Willie Ince is the guest of Mrs. Hollway, Paradise Grove.

A mixed foursome was played on the Queen's Royal links, August 5. The very handsome prizes given by Mrs. Ingles (Toronto) were won by Miss F. Heward and Mr. Angle.

The tea at the Niagara Golf Club on Saturday afternoon, given by the

Misses McGaw, was one of the largest and most enjoyable of the season. Tea was served on the club-house lawn, the tables being profusely decorated with pink phlox, Mrs. McGaw and Mrs. Oscar McGaw pouring tea. In the early part of the afternoon a mixed foursome was played, twenty-four players taking part. The prizes, which were given by the Misses McGaw, were won by Miss Anderson and Mr. G. N. Bernard. The ladies' prize was a handsome silver frame, and the gentlemen's, a silver cigar box. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Griener, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Gearey, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Walker (Buffalo), Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Tell, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Bredown, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, the Misses Bredown, the Misses Tell, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Frank Johnson (Toronto), Miss Ella Scott, Miss Garrett, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Sarah Lancing, the Misses Geddes, Mr. Patterson (Winnipeg), the Misses Eckersley, Miss Anderson, Miss Ford, Miss F. Heward, Miss Gordon, Miss Hope Wigmore, Mr. E. S. Ball, Mr. Bernard, Mr. P. Ball, Mr. E. Greiner, Mr. H. Moncrieff, Mr. T. Reade, Mr. J. H. Jackson, Mr. Tolbie, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Maurie and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Atlanta, Ga., are among the guests at The Oban.

Mr. Harry Small, Mr. A. D. Russell, Mr. C. Montizambert and Mr. B. Watt spent the week-end in town.

Mr. T. L. Gallagher has returned from Montreal.

The dance at the Queen's Royal on Saturday night was as jolly as ever. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Mrs. Mann, Miss G. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Godfrey (Atlanta, Ga.), Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorn, Miss M. Silverthorn, Mr. and Mrs. H. Duggan, the Misses Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Kingston (St. Catharines), Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Milloy, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Mrs. Oscar McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McMurray, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, Mrs. Forbes Geddes, the Misses Geddes, the Misses Eckersley, Miss Heward, Miss Louise Ford, Miss A. McGaw, Miss Moon, Miss Hope Wigmore, Miss Servos, Miss Flora Garrett, Miss McGill, Miss Chrysler,

## SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinee Daily, 25  
Week of Aug 10  
Evenings 28 and 30

A Novelty in Dance and Song  
"SIX LITTLE GIRLS AND A TEDDY BEAR"

featuring  
EVERETT SCOTT

THE GAUDSMIDT BROS.  
European Comedy Acrobats.  
NELSON DOWNS,  
Sensational Coin Manipulator.  
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America's Funniest Cyclists.

HARRY LINTON and ANITA LAWRENCE  
In "An Auto Elopement."

THE JOSSELYN TRIO,  
Greatest of All Aerial Artists.

THE KINETOGRAPH  
New Pictures.

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION  
SADIE JANSELL  
In Dainty Impersonations.

Miss Ethel Dickerson (Ottawa), Mrs. E. Bickford, Mr. Patterson, Dr. Pentecost, Dr. Hyland, Mr. Arthur Russell, Mr. H. Small, Mr. Harold Macdonald, Mr. H. Moncrieff, Mr. H. Suydam, Dr. Lugs, Mr. and Mrs. Geale, Mr. T. Read, Mr. G. Heward, Mr. E. Greiner, Mr. F. Silverthorn, Mr. Cole, Mr. McRoberts, Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Taublie, and others.

Mrs. E. H. Bickford, Toronto, and Miss Kirkpatrick, Kingston, are the guests of the Misses McGill.

**Paddy's Pipe Dream.**  
"BEGORRA!" old Paddy O'Flaherty cried, "Vez c'n say what yez like, but that newspaper lied. It said I'd see the eclipse if I'd smoke A small bit of glass. Sure a piece I hov broke And filled up me poipe with the bits nate and small, And divil a bit c'n I loight it at all!" —Lippincott's.

## LATE TRAIN TO NEW YORK.

The C. P. R. 7.15 p.m. express not only affords good service to Buffalo, and a through sleeper to Pittsburgh, but makes a splendid connection for New York, arriving there about 9.00 a.m.

Masquerader (explaining who he is supposed to represent)—I'm that fellow who fought the battle of what you call it, you know. What's his name says all about him in his book; you remember, everyone took him for the other chap until they found he couldn't be; then they knew he wasn't. Think I look the part?—Sketch.

"I've got a washing machine here," began the inventor. The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists and answered: "Well, if I were you, I'd run straight home and use it." That night the anarchist circle received another application for membership. The Outlook.

"Should a man go to college after fifty?" "Well, he might pass muster at tennis," answered the expert. "But a man can't expect to do much in baseball or football at that age."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what?" "Well?" "One of them wanted to marry me."—Harper's Weekly.



## Lloyd-George and His Meteoric Career

He is Described as a Man Who Risks His All on a Throw

IF there is one figure in political life in Great Britain who has forged his way to the front with cannon ball celerity it is Rt. Hon. David Lloyd-George, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is tactful, good-tempered and sunny in disposition. What is the secret of his rapid ascension?

First and foremost it is audacity. Danton's great maxim is with him, as with Chamberlain, the guiding principle of conduct. He swoops down on opportunity, like a hawk on its prey. He does not pause to think; he acts. He has no fear. The bigger the task, the better he likes it. The higher the stakes the more heroic his play.

He never fears to put his fate to the touch. He risks his fall on a throw. When the great moment came he seized it with both hands.

He had two motives; his love of the small nationality and his instinct for the great game. The two gave him passion, the other calculation. There was the occasion; he was the man. His business was being ruined; no matter. His life and his home were threatened; good. The greater the perils, the greater the victory.

And he has not only the eye for the big occasion and the courage that rises to it; he has the instinct for the big foe. He is the hunter of great game. "Don't waste your powder and shot on small animals," said Disraeli, and he hung on to the flank of Peel. "Go for the lion," was Randolph Churchill's maxim, and he gave Gladstone no pause. Even to snap at the heels of the great is fame. It is to catch the limelight that streams upon the stage. There are names that live in history, simply because Gladstone noticed them. Lord Cross and Lord Cranbrook came to great estate merely because they beat him at the poll. To have crossed swords with him was a career.

Mr. Lloyd-George's eye ranged over the Government benches, and he saw one figure worth fighting and he leapt at that figure with concentrated and governed passion. It became a duel between him and Mr. Chamberlain. It was a duel between the broadsword and the rapier—between the Saxon mind, direct and crushing as the thunderbolt and the Celtic mind, nimble and elusive as the lightning.

He has, indeed, the swiftest mind in politics. It is a mind that carries no impedimenta. He is like a runner ever stripped for the race. The pistol may go off when it likes; he is always away from the mark like an arrow. And it is not speed alone. When the hare is started he can twist and turn in full career, for the hotter the chase the cooler he becomes.

He is the improviser of politics. He spins his web as he goes along. He thinks best on his feet. You can see the bolts being forged in the furnace of his mind. They come hurrying out molten and aflame. He electrifies his audience—but he suffers in print next morning for the speech that thrills the ear by its impromptu brilliancy, seldom bears the cold analysis of the eye. He is in this respect the antithesis of Mr. Churchill, though Mr. Churchill is like him in daring.

I once had a pleasant after-dinner talk with them on the subject of their oratorical methods.

"I do not trust myself to the moment on a big occasion," said Mr. Churchill. "I don't mind it in debate or in an ordinary platform speech; but a set speech I learn to the letter. Mark Twain said to me, 'You ought to know a speech as you know your prayers,' and that's how I know mine. I've written a speech out six times in my own hand."

"I couldn't do that," said Lloyd-George. "I must wait for the cries. Here are my notes for the Queen's Hall speech." And he took out of his pocket a slip of paper with half a dozen phrases scrawled in his curiously slanting hand. The result is a certain thinness which contrasts with the breadth and literary form of Mr. Churchill's handling of a subject, or with the massive march of Mr. Asquith's utterance.

He has passion, but it is controlled. It does not burn with the deep spiritual fire of Gladstone. It flashes and sparkles. It is an instrument that is used, not an obsession of the soul. You feel that it can be put aside as adroitly as it is taken up.

And so with his humor. It coruscates; it does not warm all the fibres of his utterance. It leaps out in light laughter, it is the humor of the

quick mind rather than of the rich mind. "We will have home rule for Ireland and for England and for Scotland and for Wales," he said addressing some Welsh farmers. "And for hell," interposed a deep, half-drunken voice, "Quite right. I like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

Detachment from tradition and theory is the source of Mr. Chamberlain's power. He brings a fresh, untrammelled mind to the contemplation of every problem. It was said of Leighton that he looked at life through the eyes of a dead Greek. Lloyd-George looks at life with the frank self-assertion of a child, free from all formulas and prescriptions, seeing the thing, as it were, in a flash of truth, facing it without reverence because it is old and without fear because it is vast.

"The thing is rotten," he says and in a moment his mind has reconstructed it on lines that acknowledge no theory except the theory of practical usefulness. Thus he has swept away the old effete port of London, and put in its place a system as original as it is ingenious. And all the world asks, Why was this not done years ago?

Like Falstaff, he is "quick, apprehensive, forgetful," but he does not like Falstaff, owe these qualities to canary, for he is a teetotaler. He owes them to the Celtic spirit that races like a fever in his blood. His apprehensiveness, indeed, is amazing. He picks up a subject as he runs, through the living voice, never through books. He does not learn; he absorbs, and by a sort of instantaneous chemistry his mind condemns the gases to the concrete.

His intellectual activity is bewildering. It is as difficult to keep his name out of the paper as it was to keep King Charles' head out of Mr. Dick's memorial. He is always "doing things"—and always big things. His eye lights on an anachronism—like the Patent Laws—and straightway he sets it on fire. He does not pore over books to discover the facts about docks; he goes to Antwerp, to Hamburg, and sees. When he brought in his merchant shipping bill he took a voyage to Spain and learned about ships. And his passion for action grows with what it feeds on.

He has yet his trumps to play.—London News.

### The Sunset Window.

THROUGH the garden sunset-window  
Shines the sky of rose;  
Deep the melting red, and deeper,  
Lovelier it grows.

Musically falls the fountain;  
Twilight voices chime;  
Visibly upon the cloud-lands  
Tread the feet of Time.

Evening winds from down the valley  
Stir the waters cool;  
Break the dark, empurpled shadows  
In the marble pool.

Rich against the high-walled gray-ness  
The crimson lily glows,  
And near, O near, one well-loved presence  
Dreamlike comes and goes.  
—Richard Watson Gilder in The Atlantic.

### Next Door.

WE saw the tapers burn  
In the home so close to ours;  
But however our hearts might yearn,  
We dared not send our flowers.  
"He will not understand," we said,  
"Our loving thought of his loved dead."

O city! Thus you hide  
The pity in every heart!  
Those who are at your side  
You under a world apart.  
A little barrier built of stone—  
And my neighbor grieves—alone, alone.

—Smart Set.



Niece (awakened by unusually violent shock): "What's the matter, Uncle George?"

Uncle G.: "Run down a canoe, my dear."

Niece: "Oh, but you'll apologize nicely, won't you?"

Uncle G.: "Well, my dear, I'm just waiting to catch their attention."

—Punch.

## Civilization Threatened by Mediocrity

SOME years ago Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote in The Atlantic Monthly a striking article on the "Moral Interregnum" which was to supervene between the extinction of faith and the adjustment of society to the new conditions and new standards which pure science was to necessitate. The article was distinctly pessimistic, and what this moral interregnum, which involves also a social and intellectual interregnum, turns out to be, is described in The Hibbert Journal (London) by a French writer of distinction, advocate at the Court of Appeal, Liege, who maintains the age of inspiration, aspiration and idealism is rapidly vanishing and we are threatened by a deluge of banality and mediocrity fatal to the highest civilization.

Mr. Renee L. Cerard begins by pointing out that the profound transformations which are at present being undergone by civilized humanity are not without their dangers. There is a striking process of leveling down going on. National distinctions, physical and intellectual, are being abolished by intercourse and emigration. The various social classes once sharply differentiated by their mode of life, their education, even their dress, are now being blended through the influence of democratic pressure and material progress. Human inequalities are gradually disappearing with the disappearance also of everything that made human civilization real and lasting. This social leveling results in social uniformity, first from the material point of view. Mr. Cerard remarks:

A stranger arriving in Europe for the first time would surely be unable to distinguish among the crowds which throng our streets on Sunday, masters from servants, rulers from ruled. Diversity of costume, which once served to indicate diversity of condition and made it possible to distinguish at a glance, for example, the soldier from the lawyer, the peasant from the bourgeois is almost completely effaced. All classes of society are clothed indiscriminately in garments of one type, and even in the remotest country districts, where, until recently, the costumes of the past still survived, the uniform dress of the modern man has reduced originality and diversity to the rank of a souvenir.

The low price of manufactures have brought it about that "there is no essential difference between the furnishing of an artisan's parlor and that of a financier." As amusements once varied with the classes who shared them, so now "to-day there are no public entertainments save those which are intended for the world at large." So with education. It is universal. Cultivated men, those who whether they have made a special study of one branch of knowledge are not entirely ignorant of any, are becoming extinct. Thus we are told:

"Education having ceased to be a mark of superiority, has ceased also to be a weapon in the daily struggle for existence. The state of not being ignorant, or even that of possessing a moderate endowment of general knowledge is a minor advantage in comparison with the real culture of a man to whom, according to the saying of a Latin writer, 'Nothing human is alien.'"

"To produce such men was the object of the education of the past. . . . Speaking generally, it may therefore be said that the cultivated man, as he has been described, is disappearing. In proportion as the individual develops along the path he has chosen as the means to his end, the level of general knowledge descends through sheer want of opportunity. Henceforth culture is to be a luxury; even the intellectual toilers no longer possess the leisure demanded by culture, which they sometimes despise. Even the graduates of universities,

outside their own special subject, are often deficient in intellectual curiosity and the power of comprehension."

More serious still is the moral decadence which is spreading both among individuals and nations. Utilitarianism has become the gospel of the world. This writer remarks:

"It is good, indeed, to love life and the whole of life. . . . For the crowd the idea of happiness never extends beyond a limited circle of immediate and tangible satisfactions which can be bought with money. . . . Success under its most brutal form, which is monetary success, has almost become the exclusive object of universal endeavor. . . . It is the first time in history that utilitarianism has transformed itself into a dogma and become dominant everywhere. Utilitarian interests rule even the politics of nations."

He sums up his contention in the following words:

"To sum up, we may say that, in material respects, the leveling of society is especially evident in the slow ascent of the masses to better conditions. In moral and intellectual respects, on the contrary, it is being realized by the lowering of the elite to a uniform level with all the rest."

"The consequence of what has been described is the possible disappearance, after a relatively short interval, of every kind of social superiority. Indeed, a governing class never abases itself with impunity; an aristocracy, whose sole superiority to the masses which it professes to lead is that of money, is doomed."

The remedy for the threatened collapse of human civilization must lie in the hands of the intellectual and

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### From Life

HER thoughts are like a flock of butterflies,  
She has a merry love of little things,  
And a bright flutter of speech, whereto she brings  
A threefold eloquence—voice, hands and eyes.  
Yet under all a subtle silence lies  
As a bird's heart is hidden by its wings;  
And you shall seek through many wanderings  
The fairyland of her realities.

She hides herself behind a busy brain—  
A woman, with a child's laugh in her blood;  
A maid, wearing the shadow of motherhood—  
Wise with the quiet memory of old pain,  
As the soft glamor of remembered rain  
Hallows the gladness of a sunlit wood.  
—Brian Hooker, in Scribner's Magazine.

A man once asked Thackeray to lend him five shillings, which he would convert into £20,000. Asked how, he explained that he knew a young woman with £20,000 who he knew would marry him if he asked her, but he had pawned his teeth, and wanted five shillings to redeem them, in order to propose effectively.

She—Why are artists always so careful to sign their paintings? He—To indicate which is the top and which is the bottom of the picture.  
—The Sphinx.

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